SATURDAY NIGHT

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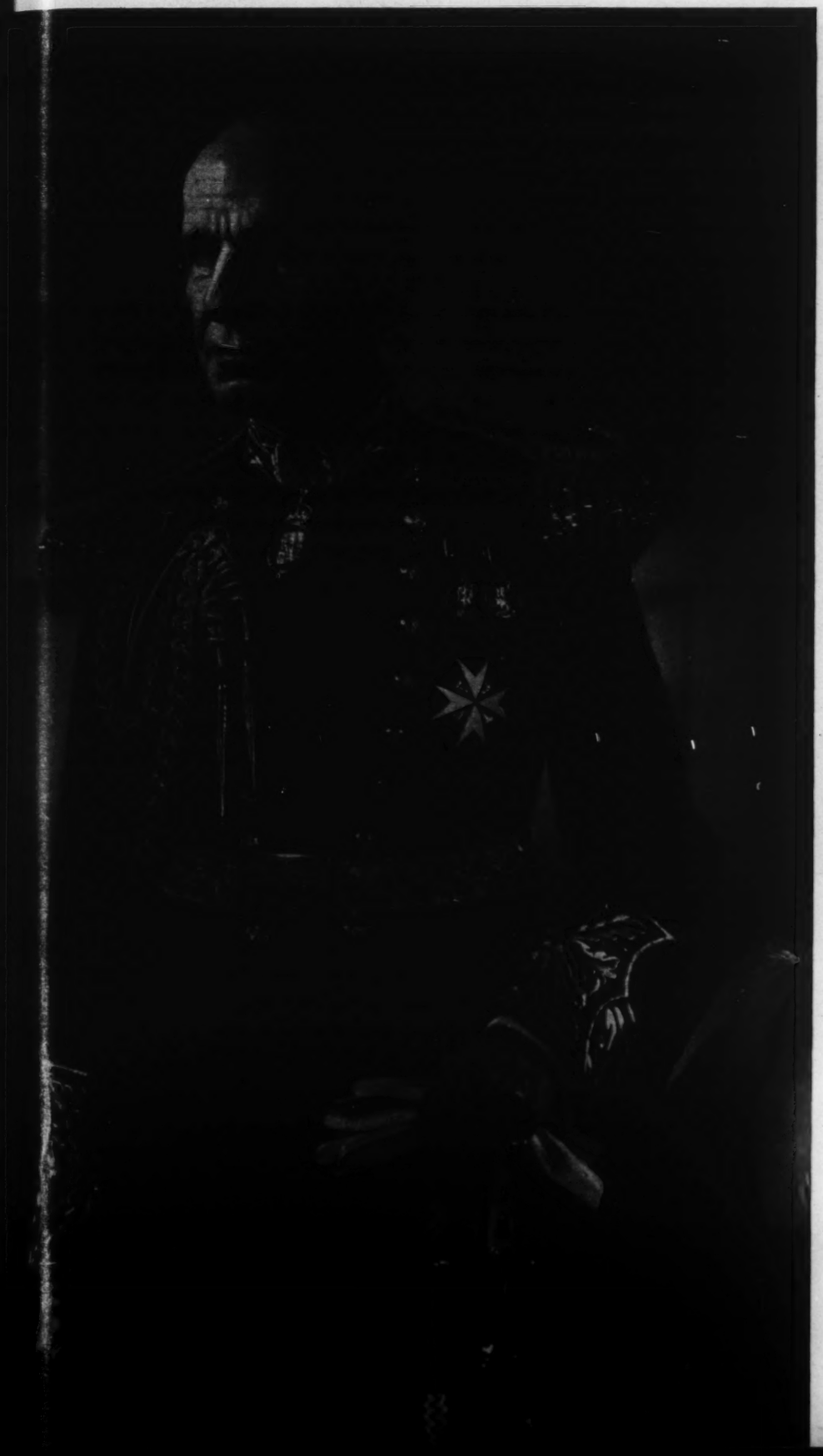

Are We Starving Our MP's?

by R. A. Farquharson

WITH AN ELECTION less than a year away political parties in Canada are having increasing trouble inducing strong candidates to enter politics. This is directly attributed to the fact that on present parliamentary pay almost all members serve at a financial sacrifice and a number are having difficulty making ends meet.

The pension plan passed at the last session provides security for the politician who has survived three elections but it does nothing to better the current position of politicians, many of whom are slipping slowly towards insolvency. Ordinarily the criticism which the pension scheme evoked would have silenced any suggestion of increased indemnities for a year or two at least. The Nixon charges in the United States, however, brought the whole question of payment for political services to international attention.

If it was necessary for leading American politicians to seek financial help from constituents, what was the position in Canada where payment for public service is so much less? To get the answers SATURDAY NIGHT wrote to representative members in all parties as well as to former members. The replies were amazingly frank, so frank, in fact, that publication of the names of the writers would be unfair.

ALL BELIEVE the pay should be raised—but not raised too much. This is the way a former member put it: "I have known many members who had vote-getting ability and not much ability otherwise. The larger the indemnity, the more intense will be the efforts of this class of politicians to get nominations, with the danger that the general level of the House will be lowered rather than raised. As against this consideration there must, of course, be placed the fact that the higher the remuneration the less of a financial sacrifice it is for able men to go into politics."

Under the present system there are some members of parliament who got nominations by default of opposition. "I know one in particular who should never have been a candidate," writes a veteran member. "It was a shame to his community and to my province that he ever was elected. Yet several of us did everything we could to find a person for that post and we couldn't do it because of the hard economic facts of politics

—© Karsh

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CAN WE CUT TAXES?
by J. Harvey Perry

RELIGION IN SUBURBIA
by A. C. Forrest

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NEXT WEEK

PRE-CHRISTMAS BOOK SECTION

Sixteen Special Pages devoted to a discussion of current books: Fiction, Non-Fiction and Juvenile together with a listing guide for the assistance of buyers of gift books.

OTTAWA VIEW

"Time for a Change"

by Michael Barkway

IT IS unthinkable that Canada should ever permit any official voice to express disappointment at the election of Eisenhower and the Republicans in the United States. But it is undeniable that most of official Ottawa hoped for Stevenson to win, and there is a good deal of anxiety here about the course of Republican policy, although it will never be given public expression.

The concern is much less about the Administration of Eisenhower than about the Congress which he will have to work with. The even balance in both houses will add to the influence of a group who always have a very strong say in the legislative program — the committee chairmen. These chairmen are appointed by seniority. They are likely to come, with some possible exceptions, from the oldest of the "Old Guard" of the Republican party. However liberal Eisenhower and his chosen cabinet may wish to be they are always subject to the veto of the Congress; and the veto of the Congress is often expressed less through open votes on the floor than through manoeuvres in committee.

THE SENATE, which amongst other things has to ratify all treaties and approve many senior appointments, is evenly divided; but the Vice-President of the United States, Richard Nixon, is president of the Senate with the casting vote in the event of a tie. Moreover if the form of the last Congress is repeated the Republicans may sometimes be able to attract voting support from some of the Southern Democrats. The most influential voice in the Senate looks like being Robert Taft; and if Taft rather than Eisenhower controls the Senate, Taft rather than Eisenhower can dictate a good deal of U.S. policy. If he cannot tell the President what he must do, there will certainly be a wide field in which he can tell the President what he must *not* do. The fear, then, is that the U.S. course, through the next two years at least, may be largely negative. And a negative policy is the ultimate contradiction of the United States' position as leader of the Western world.

These are, at present, mere forebodings. But there is more foreboding than hope in Ottawa's present outlook. If the Congress is going to be mainly illiberal in temper, the only hope of a positive and forward-looking policy for the Western world lies in a very staunch and very skilful administration. The constitution and the Congress may not leave it very much scope; but if it is skilful enough politically and resolute enough in its convictions it need not be completely frustrated, as President Roosevelt so often showed.

The skill and the resolution of the Administration will largely depend on the men Eisenhower picks for the chief posts both within the Cabinet and in the senior ranks of the civil service. Here again, his choice is apt to be limited by the political exigencies, and particularly by the need to provide for the men who helped him most in his campaign. Of these, Henry Cabot Lodge, who lost his Senate seat and says he doesn't want to go into the Cabinet, is perhaps the most reassuring in Canadian eyes. Governor Dewey is known and liked. John Foster Dulles, who is blamed for the Eisenhower campaign speech about "liberation", would not start out at the State Department (if he got it) with any great reservoir of confidence to draw upon. Most

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

—Norris in The Vancouver Sun

"So they HAD 4,590 meals, 11 babies, six tons of laundry, 74 operations today . . . I changed the water for 2,742 bunches of daffodils . . ."

EDITORIALS

Long Term Trends and Politics Today

THE abilities which made General Eisenhower the most successful commander of allied armies in history, are all needed now when the world is looking to the President of the United States for leadership. The fact that the leader in war is essentially a man of peace is the most encouraging light in the international gloom.

The General assumes his high office with an encouraging freedom from past political associations, a recognized ability for conciliation, and the happy faculty of being able to smile in the midst of a storm.

But while warmly welcoming the new man in the White House, many Canadians will remember the gallant fight of Adlai Stevenson who brought to American campaigning a courageous intellectual honesty and a refreshing sense of humor. A victory for Stevenson would have profoundly influenced campaign methods in Canada as well as in the United States. The fact that the record of Mr. Truman and the glory of General Eisenhower, were too much for the plucky Illinois Governor, should not becloud the impression that his honest speech-making created.

The American election once again points the folly of counting votes by blocs. No matter what action labor leaders or other leaders take, the voter remains an individualist and not just a cipher in a package. It is a good thing that the Solid South is a Solid South no longer. It will be a good thing when in Canada there will no longer be a Solid Quebec.

Strongly entrenched governments become a menace to the democratic system when they remain too long in office.

Rights of Photographers

IN A RECENT issue of *Nieman Reports*, the publication of the Nieman Alumni Council, there is an article on the freedom of the press as it relates to news photographs. The question is obviously of prime importance, for the progress of the last few years in both photography and press reproduction has made the news photograph a very influential method of communication. The author of this article, Joseph Costa, is chairman of the board of the National Press Photographers' Association. His position is roughly that anything which can lawfully be seen by the human eye from a public place should be lawfully photographable and publishable provided that it does not violate the laws of libel, treason and sedition.

Since a courtroom is a public place, to which there is a general right of access, he wants photography in the courtroom to be permissible, provided that the process does not interfere with the proceedings—which with modern mechanism it need not do. He denies absolutely that it "detracts from the dignity of the proceedings".

There is another side to this argument, which we hope will be kept in view in Canada no matter what decision the courts of the United States may come to eventually. This is the fact that the right to be present in the courtroom and thus to see all that goes on in it is not a right which belongs to the individual in virtue of his citizenship or his capacity as a human being; it is a right conferred upon the public for a specific purpose, namely to ensure that the proceedings in the court shall be known, that nothing shall be done which would have to be concealed. It is not for the benefit of the individual spectator that this right exists, it is for the benefit of society. The required benefit to society is amply assured by the presence of the spectators; indeed it is often assured merely by their right to be there even though there are actually none of them present. Nothing would be added to it by permitting everybody who can buy a newspaper to share the privilege of watching the facial movements of the condemned man as he hears the words which will send him to the gallows.

Our own feeling is that nothing would be added to the dignity of Canadian justice, and nothing valuable to the knowledge of Canadian newspaper readers, if the latter were permitted to see pictures of the proceedings in the courts, and we hope that Mr. Costa's view is not that of the more serious and public-spirited of the newspaper editors of the United States, to say nothing of Canada.

The Ugly Duckling

Slightly Reassuring

IT IS reassuring to find that the methods employed by some radio commentators in the United States are not likely to be acceptable to Canadians. A commentator on a Toronto station who gave currency to the rumor that there had been corruption in connection with certain games played by the Argonauts found it advisable shortly thereafter to inform the public, not only by radio but also in the press, that he and his station had investigated this charge and found it entirely baseless. It would, we imagine, have been better for all concerned if such investigation had preceded the making of the charge and thus prevented it from being made at all. However, the fact that there was no attempt to "bluff it out", as there most certainly would have been in a similar case in many American stations, is a healthy sign.

St. Laurent's Visit to London

NEXT WEEK Mr. St. Laurent will represent Canada at a meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London. He must be very conscious of the significance of this meeting and of his own part in it. If things go well this conference might take a large step in the direction of one of the most important goals before the Western world—the restoration of freer trade between the sterling and dollar blocs. The impossibility of accomplishing at one leap the transition to convertibility of sterling is no cause for discouragement. The necessity of progressing by stages merely increases the challenge to the wisdom of the participants.

It may often be tempting for Mr. St. Laurent, particularly with the somewhat impatient Mr. Abbott at his elbow, to take the attitude that after all this is primarily a business for the sterling countries; and that when they have done their best nothing further can be done without the United States. Both statements are true. But neither of them, nor both of them together, in any way imply that Canada has not a vital part to play in both parts of the process. Mr. St. Laurent can, and we trust will, help the sterling countries to face the difficult path which they have to tread.

Constructive thinking, sympathetic advice and neighborly concern should be the keynotes of his approach. The one thing which would have a disastrous effect upon the other members of the Commonwealth and would at the same time betray Canada's own interests would be to pretend for a moment that the Commonwealth decisions mean any less to Canada than they do to the other members.

The other maxim which we believe Mr. St. Laurent should have constantly in mind during the London meetings is the familiar and abused motto of his predecessor: "Politics is the art of the possible". Both financial caution and political pressure may restrain the Government of the United Kingdom and of other sterling countries from going as far towards liberalization of trade and currency restrictions as Canada would wish. Mr. St. Laurent, we believe, should urge them as far along the path as he can get them. But he should be neither surprised nor irritated if he cannot get them all the way. He should not need reminding this year that other ministers have political necessities too.

Parliament's Serious Task

THE PARLIAMENT of Canada, which reassembles this week, is bound to be very much aware that this will be its last session before a general election. It would be foolish to ask the MP's to forget the fact. Even the august senators, who have no further need to worry about elections for themselves, tend to cast a very tolerant avuncular eye upon the political antics of the junior politicians. The essence of the democratic doctrine is that politicians should be guided by the wishes of the people; so it would be inconsistent as well as futile to tell them not to think too much about the election. Nevertheless it looks as though the public will have a surfeit of electioneering before this Parliament breaks up for Christmas; and too much electioneering can be worse than too little.

It seems to us that both major parties stand a good chance of ruining their own chances if they work too hard at this new session trying to store up ammunition for the election. The Liberals are already suspected of going their own sweet way for four happy years and then expecting to swing the electorate around with a few kind words and a few tax cuts just before election time. If they are wise they will take care not to do too much electioneering during the current session.

The Conservatives, for a different reason, should also be cautious and restrained in their attempts to find election capital. Their basic problem is to persuade the people of Canada that they are capable of forming a responsible and progressive government. They won't do it by making large promises: that can only arouse suspicion. Neither will they do it by exploiting every passing regional discontent: they have already involved themselves in too many inconsistencies by that route.

Medal for Dr. Routley

IN RECOGNITION of "exemplary statesmanship in the field of international medicine" this month Dr. T. C. Routley of Toronto received the Medal of Honor of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association. This award is singular in that it is the first time it has been made to anyone for other than scientific achievement in medicine. Its previous recipients were Sir Alexander Fleming; Dr. Charles H. Best; and Edward C. Kendall, PhD, the discoverer of cortisone.

Dr. Routley, who has been Secretary of the Canadian Medical Association since 1923, has bridged the seeming gap between science and statesmanship through his outstanding work in the field of world medicine. From 1947 to 1951 he was Chairman of Council of the World Medical Association and in 1951 was appointed consultant-general. He was chairman of the organizing committee for the first world conference on medical education which will be held in London in August, 1953. "Our Medal of Honor committee," reads the citation, "recognizes that there are many facets in the conquest of disease and that leadership in international collaboration in the practice of medicine deserves outstanding recognition. Dr. Routley's achievements in world medicine have done high honor to his country, his profession and to himself."

—Joseph Merante

DR. T. C. ROUTLEY

Splashes of Freedom

WHEN last month the Associated Bulb Growers of Holland presented 25,000 tulip bulbs to the Federal District Commission, it seemed a gesture on the part of one country towards another that ought not to go unnoticed amid the more sinister, the more eye-catching, gesticulations of germ-warfare propagandists and UN filibusters. The occasion of the presentation was National Capital Tulip Week and the bulbs are to augment Ottawa's famous tulip display next spring.

Included in the gift were sixty-four new or recently developed varieties of tulips—fifty specimens of each. These are to be planted in a special plot in the Arboretum of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa. The remainder will be planted along the FDC Experimental Farm Driveway where it joins Carling Avenue, and for the benefit of tulip lovers and visiting sightseers each variety of bloom will be identified with a nameplate.

We like the idea of having plenty of tulips around Parliament: bold splashes of color in a world that can all too easily become involved in the nice detail, the infinite precision of diplomacy and law giving. A tulip bed is a flamboyant and uncompromising patch of brightness, a far cry from the formal garden with its maze, its pet rocks and its ha-ha. These things passed with the breed of men who were willing to spend their lives in the care and cultivation of a flower bed whose intricacy called for a blueprint meticulously followed. The kind of labor that could be directed to pluck weeds and crab-grass blade by blade is not of this era. Instead a nation's capital ought to be the place for the splash of color, the free-form flower plot: for these are symbols of freedom, beauty and plenty. There can never be too many symbols of these around a seat of government. But there could be too many unseeing men on their hands and knees spending their lives in the squashing of aphids.

German Air Link

ON THE FIRST Wednesday of November Canada forged another link with the rest of the world: on that day Trans-Canada Airlines made its first official flight between Montreal and Düsseldorf in Western Germany. The evening-to-evening flight deposits passengers in the vital centre of the Rhineland where the scars of war are being slowly forgotten in the growth of German trade relations.

With an unfavorable balance of trade between Canada and Western Germany of something like ten to one, it is conceivable that the flow of traffic will be much heavier from east to west than from west to east. But as the relationship grows; as the Canadian businessman becomes aware of German needs and resources the reciprocal flow will, it is believed, become ever stronger.

A SATURDAY NIGHT correspondent on a pre-inaugural flight to Düsseldorf was able to sense the tremendous importance of this direct link with Canada to the West German Republic. As Canada's ambassador Mr. T. C. Davis put it simply and succinctly at a luncheon given by Westphalia's Prime Minister Dr. Karl Arnold, "We need you and you need us."

Westphalia's industry and its commerce gives every indication of vigor and resource in competing for the world's market. On the *Autobahn*, running from Düsseldorf to Bonn—a portion of the crack highway system which only seven years ago had such sinister connotations—hundreds of trucks ply back and forth carrying all sorts of goods that relate to heavy industry. Düsseldorf in the heart of the Rhineland and only a stone's throw from the mighty Ruhr Valley is a dramatic spot to set the Canadian businessman down at the end of his TCA flight. It is there that he will sense the throb of recovering industry. It is there that he will at once grasp West Germany's vast potentiality for the arts and commerce of peace.

Prof. Harold A. Innis

PROF. HAROLD A. INNIS was recognized as one of the world's great scholars outside Canada years before his brilliance was recognized in his own country. His bold and original mind was never tempered with discretion and he always showed contempt for the security minded and the eternal compromiser. It is a sad thing for this country that the outstanding scholar of the age should die so early in his lifetime of achievement.

PROFESSOR'S MEMOIRS

Pelham Edgar's Literary Path

by B. K. Sandwell

THERE can be few books containing more of the inside history of Canadian literature—of a scrappy, unsystematic and personal kind—to the point than will be found in the little 167-page volume "Across My Path" by the late Pelham Edgar just published by Ryerson Press ($4). But there can also be few books affording more convincing proof of the tragedy of geographical isolation which attends the life of a man of letters who had to make his living in a Canadian university in the first quarter of this century. In the third quarter, one imagines, the isolation from the general current of the world's thinking in English is much less complete.

There are only five autobiographical chapters in this volume, occupying the first 76 pages, and the remainder consists of articles, hitherto unpublished, on the life and work of several Canadian notables and of Yeats and Hardy. Of the five autobiographical chapters, two relate to the author's family background and his education. The third tells of a first and two subsequent trips to England and Europe, the fourth of a trip to Egypt, and the last of Edgar's memorable journey to the Rockies in 1906 with Duncan Campbell Scott and Edmund Morris. These travels, partly the fruits of the admirable system of the sabbatical year in university work, were all that Edgar found worth recording in his life as a professor of literature in Toronto, save a few personal reminiscences in the essays on Leacock and Pratt. Or at least they were the first things that he thought of recording, for it is true that he intended to add to these records but was unfortunately cut off before he could do so.

IN THE few months of these travels he made contacts of the most effective kind with Wells, Meredith, Gosse, the Meynells, Galsworthy, Bennett and others. Edgar must surely be the only Canadian ever to have a contact with a front-ranking English novelist and to have that contact recorded by each of them in a fairly extended notebook sketch of the other. Bennett, who obviously practised his novelistic observation on everybody whom he met, set down in his Journals nearly 200 words about Edgar, which the latter was able to read 18 years after the event and after he himself had set down about three times as much on Bennett; both passages are given in this volume. Bennett considered that "For a professor he is of a very superior type," and that "his tendency is to deprecate first and think afterwards. Probably he suffers from some intellectual arrogance." The latter is a conclusion which many people must have drawn about Edgar, and which was only partly justified; he was reluctant to have his personality impinged on by others until he had decided for himself whether they were the kind of people whose impinging would not annoy him. That is not arrogance.

IN THESE distinguished circles Edgar moved with ease and gave a good account of himself, and it is profoundly regrettable that he did not have larger opportunities of the kind.

Professor Northrop Frye, who has edited this volume, observes that "Dr. Edgar has left no connected account, except by implication, of the long career, centred at Victoria College, . . . which made him so uniquely important a figure in Canadian letters." In that career he had very intimate contact with nearly all the best literary minds in Canada, and was a stimulating and guiding force in the development of many of them; but he does not seem to have thought it worth while to record his experiences with those younger or less mature than himself. The chances are that he felt that his own personality was not sufficient to interest the general reader unless fortified with great names—a sort of Canadian Boswell. But Boswell was able to spend most of his time chasing the great names, while Edgar could do so only at rare intervals. Actually, as any of his friends know who have ever heard him yarning away about incidents in which no great persons were involved, Edgar could be intensely interesting in any subject in which he was interested.

A SLIGHT exception to this absence of record about the Victoria years must be made for the chapter on the rise of creative criticism in Canada, for there are touches of personal observation about Barker Fairley, Cochrane, and also Professor Frye himself. One would give a good deal for more of this Toronto Boswellising, and also for more about that extraordinary person (himself I believe a native of Toronto), Robert Ross, whose name flits in and out of the memoirs of almost every literary and artistic personage in London from Oscar Wilde to Galsworthy, and whom Edgar describes as "the entertaining and ever lovable Robbie Ross," owner or manager of a London art room called Carfax.

There is no mention of the P.E.N. Club of Toronto, formed at a time when Edgar's influence was so great that people thought the initials meant "Pelham Edgar's Nominees."

Miss Ray, Librarian of Victoria, contributes a bibliography of Edgar's writings which recalls that he was for several years an extensive contributor of book reviews to this weekly when its literary editor was the late Harold Sutton.

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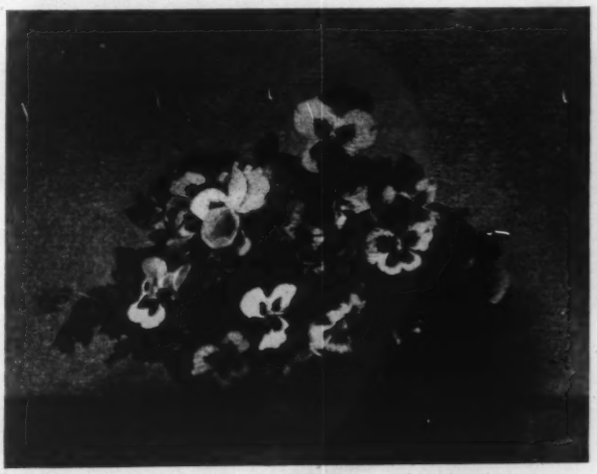

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Can We Cut Taxes and Meet Defence Costs?

A corporation tax cut to pre-Korea level would lose Ottawa $400 million; a 5-cent cut on cigarettes costs $50 million

by J. H. Perry

CONFIDENT predictions are being made that Finance Minister Abbott will announce substantial reductions in the defence tax program next spring. These speculations give rise to several interesting questions, not the least of which is "How much of the present taxation is due to defence?"

The defence tax program started with the special budget in the fall of 1950, following the Korean outbreak, and underwent further changes and developments in the Spring budgets of 1951 and 1952. The Old Age Security Act of the Fall of 1951 also affected it indirectly by transferring revenues from the defence category to the category of social security.

Owing to this four-stage development the defence segment of the federal tax structure has been somewhat obscured. However, this is the area in which Mr. Abbott will be expected to carry on his most active manoeuvres, and its exact extent is therefore of considerable significance.

The simplest way to clarify its limits is to compare the existing rates with those in effect pre-Korea, disregarding intervening changes. This is done below, and to provide a benchmark for defence taxes at their most severe, the peak rate of World War II is given as well.

PRIOR TO SEPTEMBER, 1950, corporation profits tax rate was 10 per cent on the first $10,000 of profits, and 33 per cent on the excess. Today, excluding the old age security tax, the reduced rate is 20 per cent and the general rate is 50 per cent. Thus, the rate on the first $10,000 has increased from 10 per cent to 20 per cent, and the rate on the excess from 33 per cent to 50 per cent, by reason of defence increases. While this represents a jump of 100 per cent for the smaller corporations, on average for all corporations the increase would range between 50 and 60 per cent.

To compare these rates with those of World War II is rather difficult. At the peak of the war a minimum tax of 40 per cent was payable by all corporations. But if profits had increased by more than one-sixth of standard, the rate on the amount over standard was 100 per cent, of which one-fifth was refundable after the war. Table A gives a comparison of the actual tax rate payable by a corporation under stated conditions in 1943, 1950 (pre-Korea), and 1952.

In 1952 corporations pay a 2 per cent old age security tax on their profits in addition to the 20 per cent and 50 per cent rates. Since this is not part of the defence tax program it has not been included.

J. H. PERRY *is Director of Research for the Canadian Tax Foundation.*

To reduce the corporation tax to its pre-Korea level would cost something between $350 and $400 million a year.

Defence changes in the personal income tax have been restricted to rate adjustments, since the basic exemptions have not been altered. Exemptions remain today, as in 1950, at $1,000 for a single person and $2,000 for a married person. During World War II they were down to $660 and $1,200 respectively.

The present level of rates is about 14 per cent above that of 1950. This is illustrated in Table B, which gives for several levels of income the tax payable by a married man in 1943, in 1950, and in 1952. The rates in effect since July 1 are used for 1952 since it is from this base that Finance Minister Abbott will have to measure any changes he may propose for the future. The old age security tax is not included, since this increase is not part of the defence tax program as such.

The revenue loss involved in returning to the 1950 level of personal income tax rates would be $175 to $200 million a year.

Liquor: The spirits tax is today $12 per proof gallon compared with $11 per proof gallon in 1950 and during World War II. This has added 11 or 12 cents to the price of a 25 oz. bottle of liquor. The tax on malt used in beer also increased from 16 cents per lb., (the level for some years past), to 20 cents per lb., raising the price of a carton of 1 dozen pints by about 7 cents. To reduce taxes on alcoholic beverages to their 1950 level would cost $20-$25 million.

Tobacco: The cigarette tax is now back at the 1950 level, which stood unchanged at the wartime rate. The increase of 3 cents per package enacted in 1951 was withdrawn in 1952.

Despite this reduction to pre-Korea levels, cigarette taxation is probably still too high. Per capita consumption is far below the American level, and smuggling is an ever-present and disagreeable problem. However, simply to reduce the price of a pack of 20 smokes by 1 cent would cost $10-$11 million. To drop 5 cents, a nominal reduction, would cost $50-$55 million, offset perhaps by some increase in consumption that might follow from a lower price.

There is some additional defence tax on pipe and "roll-your-own" tobacco, both of which formerly bore relatively modest burdens compared with ready-made cigarettes.

Sales Tax: The basic sales tax is today at 8 per cent, as it was in 1950 and during World War II. An additional 2 per cent enacted in 1951 for defence financing was later converted to an old age security levy, and therefore cannot be counted as part of the defence tax program.

Automobiles, radios, television sets, etc.: This general group of consumer "hard-goods" is now taxed at 15 per cent on the manufacturer's price, compared with rates of 10 per cent in 1950 and 25 per cent and higher during World War II. In fact, the rate on automobiles during World War II was steeply graduated, and reached a top of 80 per cent. Special levies on stoves, washing machines and refrigerators introduced in 1951 were taken off last spring.

To reduce the rate on this group of items to the pre-Korea level of 10 per cent would cost about $25 million a year.

Other Commodity Taxes: Several other lines of goods now carry a 15 per cent rate compared with 10 per cent in 1950 and 25 to 35 per cent in World War II. These include cameras, fountain pens and pencils, furs, jewellery, watches, ornaments, cigarette lighters, matches, pipes, luggage, tires and tubes and cosmetics. Several other items which were not taxed at all in 1950 pre-Korea are also subject to a 15 per cent charge now. These include the smaller electrical appliances (irons, toasters, vacuum cleaners, etc.) soft drinks, candy, chewing gum, firearms, motor cycles, golf clubs and balls, and fishing rods and reels.

THE WARTIME commodity tax program was much wider in scope than the present. Most of the above articles were subject to rates of 25 to 35 per cent, and in addition there were taxes not now in effect on gasoline, amusements, night clubs, parimutuel bets, and railway, airline and steamship tickets.

The cost of reducing all the remaining excises to their former 10 per cent rate and of repealing the excises newly imposed for defence financing would be about $35 million a year.

What is the total reckoning? The various estimates of loss given above produce a total ranging from $605 million on the low side, to $685 million on the high side. In round figures, the loss might be $650 million, a figure which could be out by 10 per cent or more either way. Though it represents only about one-eighth of next year's probable revenue this is a staggering total. The fact that about two-thirds of it would be due to the reduction in profits tax should give corporation executives some sober thoughts as to the amount of relief they may expect. Furthermore, the highly relevant question of just how much tax relief, if any, the Minister of Finance is going to be able to squeeze into a budget that will be burdened with continuing heavy defence expenditures next year and probably for some years to come has been completely disregarded in this survey. A later article will turn attention on this extremely important aspect of the outlook for tax reductions.

TABLE A
Corporation Tax Rate

Current Year Profits (Standard Profits taken as $10,000)	1943 Rate (*) %	1950 Rate %	1952 Rate %
$ 10,000	40.0	10.0	20.0
15,000	48.9	17.7	30.0
25,000	61.3	19.8	38.0
50,000	70.7	28.4	44.0
100,000	78.3	30.7	47.0
500,000	84.7	32.5	49.4

(*) Excluding refundable tax portion.

TABLE B
Personal Income Tax
Married Man

	1943 (*) $	1950 $	1952 $
$ 2,000	231	—	—
2,500	401	75	85
3,000	584	150	170
5,000	1,378	510	580
7,500	2,520	1,030	1,175
10,000	3,762	1,660	1,900
20,000	10,279	5,510	6,250
30,000	17,446	10,160	11,400
50,000	33,553	21,264	23,754

(*) Exluding compulsory savings.

WHALESHIPS needing fuel and supplies tow their catches in to the reducing plant, where they are filled with compressed air and anchored. Coal Harbour is a former seaplane base on Vancouver Island, easily converted to whaling operations.

DYING INDUSTRY

With the Last of the Whaleships

Pictures by Richard Harrington

Story by Lyn Harrington

WHALES are hauled up a ramp by winch, and "flensers" work with razor-sharp knives shaped like hockey sticks. They cut whales up into manageable pieces.

OF THE West Coast tribes, only the Nootkas dared to hunt the whale. In early spring their dugout canoes carried them out into the rolling Pacific. When a whale spouted, they were after it as fast as paddles could take them.

That west coast of Vancouver Island is the one place in North America where whaling still goes on. (At Churchill, Man., they do process the little white whale, a species of porpoise.) Low prices this year seriously threatened the whaling industry, and finished it in Newfoundland.

The five ships of the BC Packers Ltd., whose whaling station is at Coal Harbour, made their top catch of 451 whales this season. By international agreement, the western season is six months—April to September.

Similarly, legal limits are set as to the size that may be taken. Humpbacks and sperms must measure not less than 35 feet; finbacks, with smooth black top and pleated white belly, must be 55 feet long. The whaling ships brought in two sulphur-bottoms, each over 80 feet long, and worth $5,000-$7,000 apiece. This year, for the first time, they took a bottlenose, a whale presumed to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

HARPOONS weigh 110 pounds, and are retrieved during flensing. The whale's struggles have twisted this one badly, but it can be straightened on the anvil.

The Meaning of Eisenhower's Victory

Ike Proved an Apt Pupil in Politics, also Proved that Isolationism Is Dead, and that a Two-Party System Can Be Built in the South

New York.

by L. L. L. Golden

AMERICAN elections, like Canadian, always are decided by a multitude of issues. But there is, without fail, one underlining issue upon which an election hinges.

In the Presidential election, a dirty, tough, hard-fought and unpleasant campaign, there was one basic reason for the people's decision and as is usual it was simple: the Americans were fed up to the teeth and wanted a change. Korea, corruption, twenty years of one party, high taxes, high prices—they all added up to the one thing.

Nor could the Democrats by the leadership of a personable, intelligent, suave and literate individual stop that will to change.

There were many aspects of the campaign which were of special value to Canadians. Nor should they be overlooked or be hidden in the propaganda that inevitably goes with electioneering everywhere. One of the most important is this: Isolationism as an important force is dead in the United States. It is dead, not only because General Eisenhower is an internationalist as his whole life underlines, also because there are no more important isolationists in this country.

Today and yesterday there is and was only the *extent* of participation in world affairs; not the *question* of participation in itself. Of course the word "isolationist" has become a smear word and as such will be used by Democrats as it has been in the election to label anyone who did not agree with the Administration's foreign policy. But the truth is simple: Stalin has made isolation impossible for the United States and Americans know it.

And now that the mud is no longer being thrown, it is well to look back and try to assess President-elect Dwight Eisenhower.

Naturally, his opponents tried to make him the devil without a tail. Even that was tried by President Truman who fought an amazingly low campaign, one that no public man in Canada would dare try. The only Canadian public man comparable to him was Mitch Hepburn. But Mitch Hepburn at his worst was never as bad as President Truman.

IT WAS essentially Mr. Truman who talked in the most amazing terms of General Eisenhower. Yet he is the same Eisenhower that the Democrats tried to persuade to run for them. Has he changed then?

To some extent: Yes. He has changed in that he has become a politician instead of a great soldier. The field of operation is different. But despite the fact that he was torn by conflicting advice, in the final analysis, the decisions on major issues had to be his own.

One of the first major decisions General Eisenhower had to make was that of uniting his own, torn, conflicting party. Out of office for twenty years; without any idea of the responsibility of office on the part of fringe sections of the Republican party; without forcing them to work together; there could have been nothing but defeat.

General Eisenhower chose a course which was personally distasteful to him, but essential for any politician. He decided to unite his party first and take his chance on the loss of votes of people who just couldn't stomach men like Senator McCarthy. The Democrats made the most of this compromise by Eisenhower. This was legitimate campaigning. Eisenhower was taking a calculated risk. But now that he is to be President, where does that leave Senator McCarthy?

It will pull his teeth. For, practically, he cannot attack his own party and his own leader for coddling Communists. First of all, with a revision, which he is sure to make, of the security measures in government, General Eisenhower will not be in a position to be attacked on the subject of Communists in government as were the Democrats. In many cases, they tried to stifle criticism instead of admitting that there had been infiltration, and then driving to clean it out.

No one knows who will make a good President. Only by the responsibility of the job, with the decisions he makes, can a man be tested. It may be recalled that Walter Lippmann remarked of Franklin D. Roosevelt that he was "a pleasant young man who very much wanted to be President", and made clear this was a ridiculous possibility.

Eisenhower learns fast. The switch he had to make from the Army, though in his post he had to be a diplomat too, to head of a political party, was a tough one. Yet he was able to show a greater grasp in a few months of politics and issues than one could have expected.

Even yet there are great gaps in Eisenhower's equipment for the office. He has yet to show a real grasp of domestic affairs. It would be unnatural were it otherwise. But as he has proved that he can learn, so it is hoped that he will make a good President: so much of all our hopes, no matter where we live, depend on the power, the wisdom and proper use of strength of the United States.

It extends to the Canadian economic position as it extends to the peace of the world. If the U.S. should continue in prosperity so will Canada. If the U.S. has a recession, so will Canada. And should the U.S. not be able to stop the Soviet Union without war, we too shall be in war.

SITTING on the Canadian side of the border it would be easy to think that American elections are just one big circus. But that is not the heart of it and if anyone would think so he would be far off the mark.

The Americans are a vital people with many things, pleasant and nasty, to concern them. To get attention in this country of 155 million, something more than straight speeches has to be offered. That is the reason for the "hoopla"; that is the reason for using Tallulah Bankhead in support of Governor Stevenson, and Irving Berlin for General Eisenhower; that is the reason for balloons and parades and searchlights and dance bands.

But the Americans forget quickly too. Some Europeans have thought that in this campaign the nation was being torn apart. It only looked that way. The Americans hate a bad winner and so everyone, the morning after the voting, cooled out and said in effect: "Go ahead, Ike. You won it. Now see what you can do for after all we are all Americans."

Another big feature of the election

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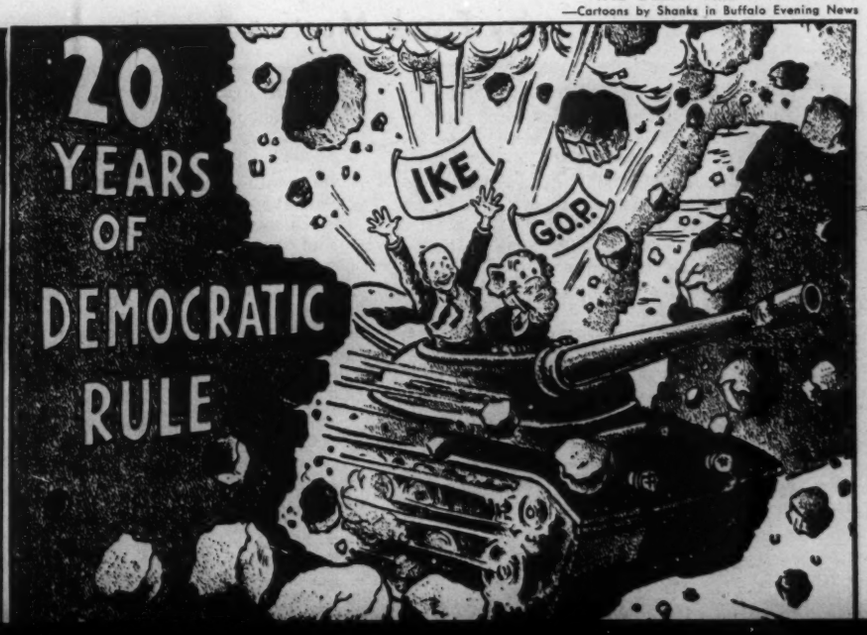
EXHIBIT "A" IN THE WHODUNIT

THE GREAT BREAK-THROUGH

—Cartoons by Shanks in Buffalo Evening News



—Portigal & Wardle

BETTY FARRALLY CAUGHT IN A RARE MOMENT OF REPOSE

Fiery Ballet Mistress

Betty Farrally of the Winnipeg Ballet rules a crack company with drive, imagination and a will of iron

by Frank Morriss

THERE ARE many people who swear by Betty Farrally, ballet mistress of the Winnipeg Ballet, and a good many more who swear at her, but agreement seems to be 100 per cent that she is a definite personality. People who have kept up an uneasy friendship with her during the years are alternately overwhelmed by her generosity, sent running to cover by her tantrums, and often emerge from a meeting with her with the stunned expression of a man who has spent fifteen minutes in a rapidly revolving cement mixer.

Miss Farrally seems to be compounded of about 20 per cent pure cussedness, 60 per cent inflexible determination and 20 per cent histrionics. If this combination had not been stewed for a number of years in the milk of human kindness and if the Winnipeg Ballet had not turned out to be the definite success that it is, there would be no living around Betty Farrally.

As it is she has met with remarkable self-control the growing fame of the company, which she is running with long-distance direction from Gweneth Lloyd. There are those who say that the distance between them (Miss Lloyd now runs the Toronto end of the ballet business) has been the making of Betty Farrally. This is by no means to be taken that the Lloyd-Farrally partnership is not an eminently successful one. It is simply that until Gweneth Lloyd left for Toronto two years ago, Miss Farrally was merely a limelight under the Lloyd bushel.

This was partly due to an ignorance of a public that thinks that the director of a ballet has complete charge of the training of the dancers. People had been inclined to dismiss Miss Farrally as a Svengali creation of Miss Lloyd's, an impression that the latter had never sought to convey. They didn't realize how important a cog she was in the Winnipeg Ballet machinery. The public now realizes that Betty has, almost single-fisted, pounded the dancers to their present state of perfection. They are appropriately grateful, as anyone who has witnessed the ovations she gathers on her rare curtain calls will realize.

Miss Farrally operates in an almost continual state of high-spirited temper which is deceiving. The truth of the matter is that she is basically soft-hearted and is desperately afraid that somebody is going to find her out. She is almost completely irrational on the surface, but as hard-headed as a corporation lawyer underneath.

She will swear that she is completely broke, that her finances are in irreparable shape, and that she is headed for the poorhouse. Before she has caught her next breath she is sending an expensive corsage, or a box of imported fruit to somebody that she likes. She doesn't suffer fools gladly but when she has embraced a friend that person may be a little unstrung, but they will know she will never let them down. She will run to the ends of the earth for them, although she is just as likely to turn her head and scream back at them as she starts out.

Betty Farrally was born Betty Hey in Bradford, Yorkshire, 36 years ago. Her father, a brewer, died two years ago, but the firm still bears his name. The firm manufactured a commodity known as Hey's Nut Brown Ale and this enabled Betty to be brought up with the traditional silver spoon in her mouth. She soon proceeded to dent it by getting her teeth into all the things that were considered wrong for a lady.

FROM SEVEN to seventeen she was sent to private (*i.e.* Br. "public") school. Trained to be a socialite, all that she ever learned to do, by her own confession, was to play lacrosse and eat dessert properly. She wound up determined to be a veterinary surgeon or a dancer and it is only because Gweneth Lloyd happened to be handy that she didn't end up on her hands and knees delivering colts on a Yorkshire moor. This might be even more understandable to her sturdy and conventional-minded mother. Mrs. Hey came to spend six months with her daughter two years ago, and fled in as many weeks swearing that she would rather sweep the floors of Charing Cross Station.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Hey was very pleased when the company gave a Royal Command performance last year and Miss Farrally was the one who introduced her dancers to the then Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. However, even on this occasion she forgot to curtsy to Philip and he finally had to shake her by the hand and tell her that they hadn't met.

Betty nearly got expelled from her first week in school when she punched a girl on the nose. Nevertheless, she sailed through school with not too many mishaps.

"I was always bossy," she says, "and used to organize plays and take the girls on midnight ghost hunts."

Having failed to become a lady in the conventional sense, Miss Farrally went to Leeds where Gwenth Lloyd was running a school in conjunction with Doris McBride. She eventually became a teacher herself and one of her duties was to instruct patients of a Lincolnshire mental home. She was never able to separate the staff from the patients . . . not so strange when you consider the kind of people a dancing instructor has to put up with.

Eventually she went back to Miss Lloyd and when the latter decided to come to Canada, Betty came too, promising that she'd go back home every two years. That was fifteen years ago and she's only been in England twice since then.

Miss Lloyd's ambition was to start a ballet in Winnipeg from material that was completely untried and when they first auditioned likely dancers Betty was given the job of demonstrating steps. She did 150 *plies* in one afternoon. (*Plie* is the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

FRANK MORRISS *is music and drama critic for* The Winnipeg Free Press.

THE WORLD TODAY

World Jarred by Republican Win

by Willson Woodside

ONE of the curious effects of the U.S. election, at least to one who had fully expected for months that Eisenhower would be elected and who welcomed him as a tried and popular leader of the free world, was the jar which this event caused abroad. One had had the impression that Ike was liked as much in Canada and Britain as he was at home, and looked upon in France and other Western European countries as a friend who understood their problems better than any one ever before elected to the presidency.

But what was the reaction abroad? In Paris only the Communist papers cheered his victory, as being a defeat for the "warmongering" Truman administration. In Britain, the leading *Times, Guardian, Economist* and *Observer,* all of whose correspondents in America had played a Stevenson tune, viewed the outcome with surprise and misgiving. In India the general reaction in the press was much the same. And so in many other countries.

Nor was it only the Republican Party that they feared, from experience of long ago. They had been paying too much attention to the campaign oratory, and actually seemed to believe that Ike had "sold out" to Taft, McCarthy and Jenner, who would be running the show. They had been listening too much, for one, to the President of the United States, whose furious efforts to tear down the reputation of a great American hero appear to have had less effect at home — unless it was in turning votes for Ike.

It is to be hoped that someone in the Voice of America thought of broadcasting, by way of assurance, and in explanation of American folkways, a famous remark of Wendell Willkie's. When taxed angrily by a former supporter with pursuing the opposite policy to one he had urged in the election a few months before, Willkie replied: "Why, man, that was just a campaign speech!"

After all, both Roosevelt and Willkie campaigned in that election of 1940 on the promise of keeping America out of war, as Woodrow Wilson did in 1916. And it happens that these three political leaders have perhaps the highest reputation among American statesmen of recent times. It is too bad more foreigners won't see the amusing dispatch from the *Observer's* Kenneth Harris, who noticed that in the photos which accompanied reports of Stevenson's or Eisenhower's speeches warning that the country had been, or would be, brought to the verge of ruin by the opposing party, candidates and others—on one occasion including John L. Lewis — were invariably grinning from ear to ear, if not actually doubled up with laughter.

American press attachés abroad might do their country a service by spreading the word that it was a Republican Congress — and one in which the GOP had a much bigger majority than they have won in this election — which backed the whole post-war program which may have saved the Western world, the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and the Vandenberg Resolution which led to the Atlantic Pact.

THIS IS surely the best answer to those who still think of the Republicans as the men who refused to enter the League of Nations, pulled back into isolationism and built up the Hawley-Smoot tariff wall. The Democrats were isolationist too, in those days, even FDR himself. But Republicans have lived in exactly the same world as Democrats ever since and too much is made of their continuing isolationism, which was at least in part due to being in the opposition. Eisenhower got the greatest vote in American history in a campaign in which he declared over and over, even in Chicago, that isolationism is dead.

On the whole, supporters of his kind of international policy have been strengthened in the Congress, where he must depend on a bi-partisan coalition in foreign policy just as Truman did. Three of the most isolationist of the Republican Senators up for re-election, Kem, Ecton and Cain, were replaced by three strong Democratic internationalists, while the loss of Republican internationalist Cabot Lodge is partly made up by the acquisition of former Nebraska Goveror Dwight Griswold, in place of the deceased Kenneth Wherry. The retired Republican Senator Owen Brewster has also been replaced by an internationalist.

Eisenhower's cabinet, when it is appointed, ought to be highly reassuring. From the names being mentioned it might be the strongest U.S. Administration in a long time. It seems clear now, and may be definite by the time this is read, that John Foster Dulles is to be Secretary of State. He made over 100 speeches on foreign policy during the election campaign, and Ike took over Dulles' Liberation Policy for his American Legion speech. Then the day after the election Dulles sent a message through the press to his "friends" abroad reassuring them on Republican foreign policy.

Lodge is spoken of for Secretary of Defence, Warren of California for Attorney-General, in charge of cleaning up the notorious "mess in Washington," Paul Hoffman of the Marshall Plan for head of a new independent agency handling all foreign aid or for Secretary of Commerce, and Stassen for Secretary of Labor. Dewey, who has often been mentioned for State or Defence, but who stirs up such bitter opposition from the Taft wing, continues to say that he will stick to his job in New York State.

Taft, of course, must stay in the Senate, all the more since his brother was beaten for the Governorship of Ohio, and Democratic Governor Lausche would certainly fill Taft's vacant seat with a Democrat, depriving the Republicans of control of the Senate.

It is really Taft that the outside world fears when they consider the Republican victory, and not Eisenhower. But Eisenhower while still needing the cooperation of Taft if he is to lead his own party more or less harmoniously, is in a far stronger position than before the election. The voters made it so plain that they liked him better than they did the GOP, and that if it hadn't been for Ike many, many Republican candidates for the Senate and House would not have been elected. Even as it was, Republican Senators and Governors just scraped through in states where Eisenhower himself had majorities of from 200,000 to half a million.

These Republican legislators are going to have to run without Ike in the mid-term elections of 1954, and if they are to survive the normal backlash of the opposition on such occasions they are going to need a good record to run on. No doubt Ike will remind them of this privately, when he presents his foreign and domestic program to Congress. As for rubbing out the New Deal, even a Taft and a Taber understand that the last thing the Republican Party can afford is to be tagged

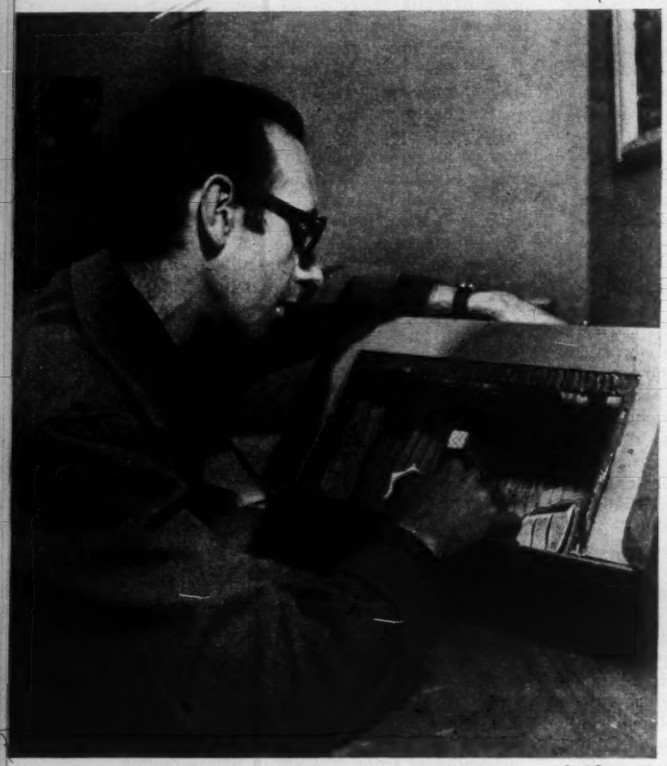
CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

READY to tackle long-neglected problems of U.S. foreign policy, Eisenhower with his prospective Secretary of State, Dulles, and Premier Pinay of France.
—photos by International

OUR CANADIAN DESIGNERS

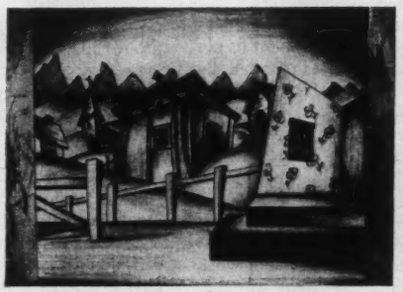
Setting the Stage

by Margaret Ness



—Paul Desmarais

GEORGES AYOTTE: Free-lance French Canadian artist in Ottawa; designs, builds furniture. With set for play, "Legataire Universel".



SETTING for folklore play, "Johnny Dunn", designed by Cliff Robinson in modern mood.

—Desmarais

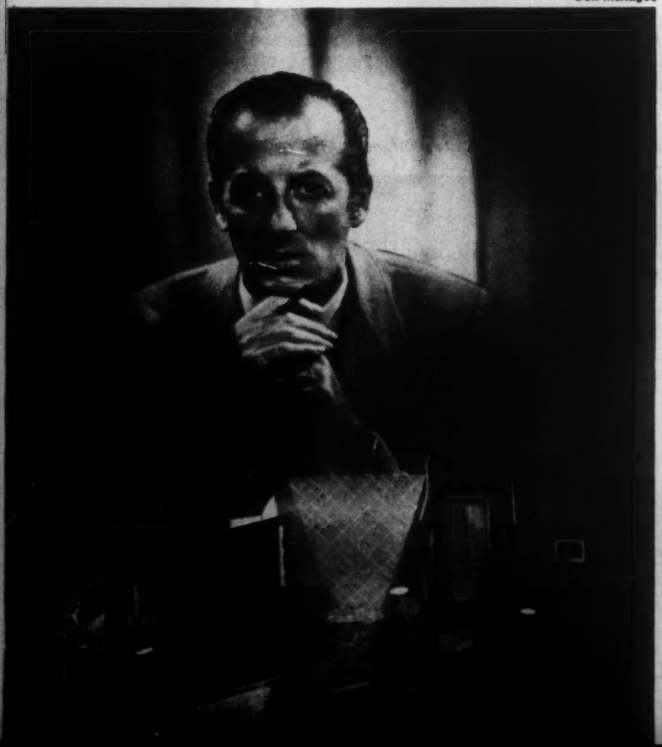
SETTING for "Swan Lake" ballet, designed by Georges Ayotte for the Ottawa Ballet.

—University of BC

CLIFF ROBINSON: Alberta-born Art School grad. Teaches Art, Stage Design at UBC.

RUDI NICOLETTI: Studied stage design in Paris. Shown is his set used in first TV experiment. He is now on permanent TV staff.

—Don McKague



CANADIAN stage and ballet have both reached maturity these last few years. What about that equally important branch—stage-set designing? It used to be that the sets fell to some luckless individual who wasn't in demand as an actor.

It's improving. A number of Canadians are now professional stage designers; have studied abroad or in the U.S. For example, there's Rudi Nicoletti, a Torontonian of Italian parentage. He was in display advertising before he joined the navy in 1941 and worked with the Navy Show. Then, on his DVA money, he went to Paris to study stage design. There he was taken on by one of the largest theatres, *Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt*. He returned home in 1951; now is on CBC's TV staff.

Our professional repertory companies are gradually adding set designers to the pay roll. Ottawa's Canadian Repertory Theatre has used Ottawan Penelope Geldart (last summer was with Niagara Falls summer theatre; this Fall did sets for Toronto's Jupiter Theatre); has also used Martha Jamieson who also did sets for Peterborough Summer Theatre before studying for two years at the Old Vic in London.

But mostly Canadian set designers haven't taken the bread-and-butter plunge; continue as professional artists, teach art or are in some allied field. SATURDAY NIGHT recently profiled Cliff Robinson whose actual job is teaching art, stage and theatre design via the Extension Department of the University of British Columbia. But he has designed some excellent sets for UBC Players and Everyman Theatre.

In Kingston, Ont., Stuart Calhaghan is a window dresser but manages intriguing weekly sets for the International Players. Calgarian Jack McCullagh designs homes and is a painter of note. But he also has 40 theatre sets to his credit, including the three for Workshop 14's "The Gioconda Smile" which won the award for the best visual presentation at the 1951 Dominion Drama Festival finals.

Two stage designers with a future are Margaret MacDonough and Jean Banniher. Both girls have done sets for Bob Gill at Hart House Theatre. Margaret spent last year in U.S.: Jean was in England. And Stan White, whose sets for Ottawa's Saturday Players won such high praise from adjudicator Pierre Lefevre in the Drama Festival, is now in England.

In Ottawa is self-taught artist-designer Georges Ayotte. After graduation from Ottawa University, he worked for National Film Board. And he had a hand in building the scale model of the National Capital Plan (for beautifying Ottawa) under Jacques Greber. At present he is doing display work and interior decorating. But he has designed sets for French groups entering the Drama Festivals and has been doing handsome sets for the Ottawa Ballet.

It's encouraging that Canadians are turning professionally to stage designing: it's discouraging that, as yet, there isn't enough salaried work to keep them going full tilt.

—Sketches in "The Bruce Beckons" by Clare Bice and Vincent Elliott

"A GREAT ANGRY GORGON . . . the hands brandishing two large wriggling Massasaugas."

PROTECTION FOR MOONSHINERS

The Serpent in the Garden of the Bruce

by W. Sherwood Fox

ON TWO COUNTS it is hard for anyone who has once seen Spring Creek—the Spring Creek we crossed north of Stokes Bay on our way to Tobermory—to forget its clear waters and its wild woodland setting. In the first place, its apparent promise of full creels of speckled trout makes one hanker for the excuse to come back to it soon and try one's luck. In the second place, its local name, Rattlesnake Creek, rouses in strangers an odd curiosity to explore the course of the stream and see if the name really fits. That it does fit I proved beyond cavil a quarter of a century ago: on my very first tramp up the swampy flats, where the creek empties into Middle Boat Cove, I came upon no less than four Little Swamp Rattlesnakes, or Massasaugas, in the space of ten minutes. The people of the region have named the stream most aptly.

Steve Bradley of Stokes Bay called himself a farmer; like many of his neighbors on the land he also fished at sundry times, frequently working out of Boat Coves. But his farm, I fear, was chiefly a blind; he found this sheltered little haven a better place in which to carry on his private avocation, a sideline which for success required a scene quite "exempt from public haunt." For Bradley, Boat Coves was perfect. The focus of his labors here was a spring of pure, cold water bubbling out of the rocky bank of the valley a short distance up the Creek. It was like an ancient stronghold in that it was defended, and that doubly: by a dense belt of cedars, and, from spring to early fall, by an unseen body of living guardians. The latter defence was none other than the host of Massasaugas that infested—and still infests—the approaches to the concealed woodland fastness. Though a rabble, this force was as good as an ordered army.

In the midst of the cedars Steve built him a still. A crude affair it was, a curious complex of tubes and coils and ancient tin containers rescued from sundry junk-heaps, but nevertheless a contraption which, thanks to the steady flow of cold spring waters and the direction of its ingenious maker, did well the work it was intended to do. Later, Bradley built a log shanty near the mouth of the creek; the remains of its foundation are still to be seen. Bradley's husky daughter, Mag, was installed as chatelaine of the place.

That Mag was thus made an accomplice in crime never entered Steve's one-track mind; a companion in trouble, perhaps, but nothing worse. The truth is that Steve fancied himself a rather brave fellow, one of the few who have spunk enough to resist a most objectionable regimentation of society.

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS all went well, indeed, very well, according to one point of view. Bradley welcomed with glee the swelling volume of his income, while his ultimate customers were far from disdaining even so raw a poteen as his clandestine still poured forth. Trade was as brisk as it was risky. In order to keep the site of his amateur distillery hidden from everybody, the artful operator made a point of conducting all sales of his product as far away from his headquarters as possible. Every ounce he delivered in person to his pedlars. He was supremely confident that the battlements of precautions and rattlesnakes that begirt him roundabout were quite impregnable. Apparently he knew nothing of the old adage: "It takes a thief to catch a thief." If he did know it he was not astute enough to see that by the same token the most likely person to trail a bootlegger is another bootlegger.

In his blissful cocksureness Bradley did not notice that a few chinks were being forced in his defences from without. First one and then another of his pals picked up short stretches of his trail toward the bush. Placing these together at leisure they finally, by means of a rough and ready reckoning known to bushmen, divined the secluded tract to which the trail led.

In the meantime, the police had noticed enough irregular behavior in the populace of the region to become suspicious. It soon became apparent to them that a stream of something which, though clear as water, was nevertheless not water, was flowing southward from the forest of Rattlesnake Creek. But try as they would for several weeks to narrow the source down to one spot they made no progress whatsoever. They worked on without taking a single soul into their confidence. At times they were sure they had come upon the right trail, but every time they lost it a few rods inside the forest boundary. At last they decided to "lay low."

Their shrewd patience paid well. The powerful spirits of illicit stills have their own way of disclosing the fountainheads from which they spring. The potency of the Spring Creek Moonshine loosed the tongues of pedlar and imbiber alike. Both, freed of the gag of restraint, told the world all they knew as well as much that they didn't know. But there was just enough in their babbling to put the foot of the law on the right track.

One bright morning in a mid-August of about fifty years ago two officers sailed out of Stokes Bay for Boat Coves. They had first made sure that Bradley had returned to his retreat. Landing just inside the mouth of Spring Creek, they moored their boat to a small rough dock of cedar poles. Being utter strangers to the terrain of this lower reach of the valley, both men were shod in ordinary shoes that left their ankles and shanks unprotected. Innocent of danger they set out across the soggy beaver meadow and headed for the dense copse of cedars where they believed the still to be hidden.

The tall grasses and sedges were fairly alive with leaping leopard frogs. But the two men were not the only creatures to note that fact: the Massasaugas of the valley were noting it too. Indeed,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

THIS STORY *is from the recently published "The Bruce Beckons" by W. Sherwood Fox (University of Toronto Press, $4.00).*

with the responsibility for another depression.

It is not so clear what pressure Eisenhower could use to put through a tariff reduction policy. So far he has not even committed himself to one, but nothing is more certain to become a leading question this winter, as the European partners of NATO demand more and insistently that relations be placed on a basis of "trade, not aid." Already there is talk of Ike calling a special high-level meeting of NATO within the next few months; his famed talents as a team leader are urgently needed to give the partnership a fresh impetus.

The present position of Franco-American relations illustrates what has been happening during the election-year paralysis of U.S. policy, and the repair job that must be done by the new Washington Administration. The French have become increasingly reluctant to enter the European Army with a recovered Germany and without Britain, just as they have become increasingly desperate to ease the burden of the Indo-China War. They resent German policy on the Saar, and American policy on Tunisia and Morocco. They are in growing economic difficulties and no nearer to resolution of their domestic political stalemate.

It was no coincidence that the first message sent out by Eisenhower after his election was one to "his old friends, the people of France", assuring them of continued American support and solidarity. This message was going out over Radio France just six hours after Stevenson conceded—which shows good staff work on somebody's part, probably John Foster Dulles'.

Dulles himself had a little reassuring to do, as we mentioned earlier. He is well known to be the originator

—New York Times

FRENCH are said to want Ike to include Indo-China on his trip to Korea. Fighting is again heavy there and French feel the burden is too heavy to bear themselves.

"West Coast Mill", *from the painting for the pulp and paper industry by Lawren Harris, LL.D.*

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—Wide World

WELL-TIMED arrival. Anthony Eden, who may be British PM while Ike is President, arrives in U.S. after election to talk over foreign policy problems with his old friend.

of the Liberation policy enunciated rather too baldly by Eisenhower in a speech to the American Legion Convention, and has been busy explaining to an unprepared Western alliance ever since that there is no notion of starting a war to liberate the satellites.

This is one of the aspects of a Republican victory which has most alarmed many Europeans, whose confidence in Eisenhower has been jarred by reports of campaign oratory and "deals" and further undermined by the impression of "hysteria" on the American Right so gleefully spread by the European Communists and believed in by many who should know better.

If one can have confidence in anything, one can be sure that Ike will once again exert his magic unifying influence on the European team which he has twice already pulled together. His fervent belief in the need for European unity has often been expressed; perhaps nothing impelled him more to seek the presidency than his conviction that the United States and the Western world can only be secure if Europe is united. No American president has ever had the opportunity he has had to learn the problems of Europe at first hand. And no other who could be elected president today has more than a fraction of his understanding of the dominant military problem of defending the West.

His statement on Liberation and the suggestion that General Bedell Smith, his old chief of staff and present head of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, may be the new chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff in Omar Bradley's place, indicate that Ike is not going to be content to a man a Maginot Line but is thinking of political and psychological warfare.

The same talents which he exerted in unifying the Republican Party for the election battle, Eisenhower will now exert towards unifying the American people and the Atlantic allies. His peculiar genius could be seen in the exchange of messages with Truman right after the election.

—International

EXIT from thankless job: Dean Acheson, who has taken so much abuse and been sustained as Secretary of State only by Mr. Truman, will now quietly "fade away."

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of the other names are hardly known at all in Ottawa.

It is in the sphere of trade and economic policy that forebodings are most gloomy. These are the subjects which touch Canada most nearly. They are those in which Eisenhower has least training or experience and may be most dependent upon advisers. Yet they may be, in many ways, the most crucial parts of U.S. policy in the immediate future. Not only the sterling area, but the whole of Western Europe (through the O.E.E.C.), is declaring that it wants "trade, not aid". The pessimists think they will be lucky if they get either. For Canada there is a double stake in the trade policies of the American Government. The first, direct one is the fate of our own export trade to the United States, which now represents more than half of all our sales abroad. The second one is the indirect effect on us of what U.S. trade policy does to the soft-currency countries.

THE immediate future of the Western rearmament effort, as well as the longer range future of Western solidarity, seems here to depend more than anything else on the economic relations between the "have" countries of North America and the "have-not" countries of Europe and Asia. First steps towards improved relations may be taken—indeed must be taken— at the Commonwealth Conference; but they could easily be frustrated by unsympathetic U.S. policies.

It would be unfair reporting to put any gloss of optimism over these uneasy Canadian forebodings. But it is fair to add that when a party has been out of office for 20 years it is easy to be suspicious of unfamiliar men and to forget that the party has grown up 20 years in the meantime. Canada often found its dealings with the Truman Administration pretty frustrating. The Eisenhower Administration will be strange and different in many ways. But it will not necessarily be less enlightened. If the allies of the U.S. prepare for the worst, they still hope for the best; and it is by no means taken for granted that the Republicans are committed to the economic isolationism, which is the modern equivalent of the "No-foreign-entanglements" doctrine. But this is the first and main point on which Ottawa would like to be reassured by the new Administration and Congress.

This problem of the unfamiliarity of political leaders after a long period out of office is very relevant to the Canadian scene. It is so easy to make comparisons between the leaders of one party, who have enjoyed long experience of office and long years of counting on the advice of the best brains in the public service, with the leaders of another party, who have not held office and have never had the government experts behind them. The comparison always argues against a change. It can only be offset by the realization that the democratic process requires change, and the faith that even the most unexpected men can often rise to the challenge of opportunity and responsibility.

THE Canadian Conservatives must be, and should be encouraged that the American people apparently responded to the slogan "It's time for a change". When all is said and done, it will probably make a more powerful slogan for their election campaign next year than any of the other causes they have tried to establish. But they would be unwise to rely too much on the parallel of the U.S. elections, and indeed there is little sign that they are inclined to.

Neither Ike nor Adlai bears much resemblance to St. Laurent or Drew. Nor can the Canadian parties offer either a hero like Ike or a speaker like Adlai. Our election campaign will be a more prosaic affair. The personalities will be less colorful and personality may have a less important effect. It looks increasingly as though the dominant argument may be between the Conservative slogan: "Time for a change", and the Liberal slogan: "You never had it so good".

■ Toronto's one-act play festival (in February) has a new twist this year. It's to be entirely Canadian plays. May or may not be a good idea. Remains to be seen. So many of our good playwrights have turned to three-acters or radio plays. It would be too bad if the Festival merely rehashed the old tried-and-true one-act plays. Let's hope the fact it is to be an all-Canadian venture will act as a spurt for some new writing.

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Are We Starving Our MP's?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

in Canada."

No payment made to members can ever replace the desire to serve the public as an inducement to get the right kind of men to enter politics. But desire to render service should not entail financial hardship. The present indemnity of $4,000, plus a $2,000 expense allowance does not recognize the facts of inflation, the increased time parliament sits or the income that the same types of men could achieve outside politics.

There have been a number of financial tragedies in Canadian political life. For instance, I did not know until I read the letters that a friend of long standing who died suddenly during an election campaign, did not leave enough money to pay funeral expenses. It is a matter of record that friends took up a collection to keep Hon. W. S. Fielding in public life and Mr. Fielding has often been described as Canada's greatest Minister of Finance. In the same way close associates came to the financial rescue of Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe. Early in Canada's history a fund was raised for Sir John Macdonald.

THE difficulty of living within their incomes and still finding the funds to pay the bills the party forgets to pay after an election—expenses of this kind are not an income tax deduction —is common to members of all parties. One added difficulty that is not publicized is the increasing number of times the hat is passed around in Ottawa to help a member, or former member, out of financial difficulties. When the hat is passed, party lines are forgotten.

The Government has voted pensions to widows of former members in particularly pathetic cases. Mr. King once appointed a widow of a former cabinet minister to the job of teaching decorum and the social graces to the wives of new members. The position no longer exists.

On one almost forgotten occasion Sir Wilfrid Laurier put through a $5,000 pension to ex-cabinet ministers at the time the members' pay was being raised from $1,500 to $2,000. But as always happens when the indemnity is raised, there was a strong outcry. At the next session Sir Wilfrid repealed the pension. One former cabinet minister benefited. Sir Adolphe Caron, a former colleague of Sir John Macdonald, with typical shrewdness felt the pension was too good to last. He sold the pension for a cash settlement just before it was repealed.

It is not quite fair to compare payments to MP's and payments to U.S. Congressmen and Senators. The American Congress never has had the rigid party discipline so familiar in Canada. Because members of Congress can, and frequently do, bring about the defeat of their own party's legislation, they are exposed to lobby pressure absolutely unknown to the Canadian MP.

On this point a cabinet minister commented: "We are virtually free from the professional lobbyist or the bludgeon of the mass attack. I don't suppose there are more than a few issues on which a member of parliament has ever received more than twenty-five letters." He added with a rather nice turn of phrase: "In Canada, in one way or another, the Sovereign still has a place in keeping the State stately."

Apart from the size of the indemnity, regarded as embarrassingly low, there is no need in Canada for large expense funds such as that provided for Senator Nixon by California friends. One reason is that the discipline of caucus here does not encourage personal crusading. It is not necessary for Canadians to battle constantly for the headlines.

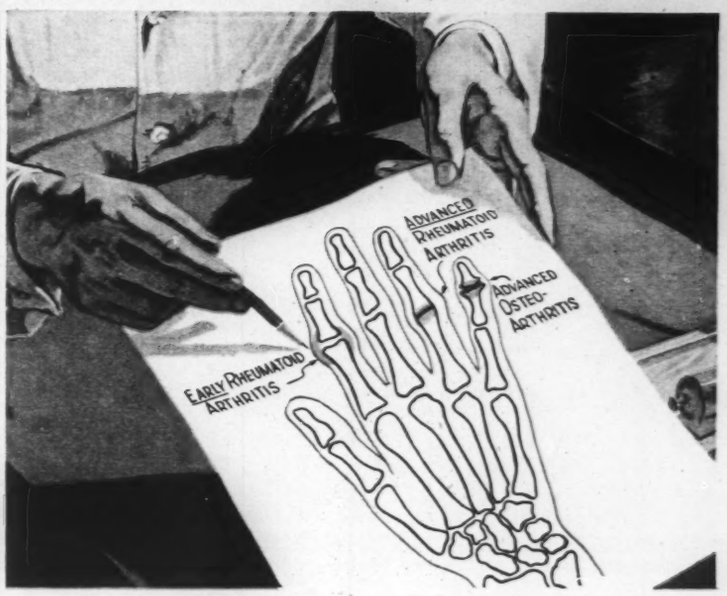
Another reason is that the smear campaign is virtually unknown in Canada. It takes a lot of money to finance McCarthyism.

Senator Nixon's speech, regarded as a triumphant answer to the charges, hit a somewhat sour note among Canadian parliamentarians. A veteran member wrote: "By all our Gladstonian standards it was awful but Gladstone had never heard of the 'Hollywood mum' mentality. Imagine Sir Charles Dilke or Charles Stewart Parnell baring their souls to a British non-conformist audience."

THE reluctance of men in this country with a keen sense of public service, to air personal difficulties, is one reason why indemnities have not kept pace with the cost of public life. As another member wrote: "Parliament is becoming a full-time activity. That may be distasteful to some Canadians, but it is unavoidable. It is sometimes overlooked, too, that since 1939 parliamentary activities have been greatly enlarged. Private members of the House, both Government and Opposition, have been invited to attend the United Nations Assembly or meetings of the specialized agencies. The barest of expenses are allowed. The ceiling, for example, for parliamentary advisors, is $7 a day. While one cannot write or speak publicly of these matters, because one does not care to do so, they are matters about which those interested in the democratic institution of parliament should be informed."

The economic load members carry varies both geographically and professionally. For instance, a member living close to Ottawa can keep in touch with his private business in a way that is impossible for a member living in the west and the maritimes. Men representing large, remote constituencies face personal travelling expenses of an entirely different type from the Toronto, Winnipeg or Montreal representative who is only one streetcar fare away from any place in his riding. Yet the members for Skeena, or the Yukon, who travel by plane or boat, or dog team, have exactly the same tax-free $2,000 in lieu of an expense account, that is provided all the others. Of course they have nothing like as many meetings to attend.

The rule of not permitting charg-



ARTHRITIS

TODAY the outlook for most people with arthritis—particularly those affected by the rheumatoid type—is encouraging. This is because medical research has uncovered new facts about this disease, and provided more effective drugs for its treatment.

Such advances are heartening because the arthritic diseases are not only widespread but are second in disabling effect among all diseases in Canada. In fact, The Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society estimates that more than 600 thousand people in our country have some form of this disease.

In the sketch above, some basic facts about the two most common forms of chronic arthritis—*rheumatoid arthritis* and *osteoarthritis*—are illustrated. The joint-swelling, which is characteristic of early rheumatoid arthritis, is shown on the index finger. Since the joint itself is not damaged, *prompt* treatment may bring complete relief.

The effects of *advanced* rheumatoid arthritis are shown on the third finger. Here an overgrowth of bone has caused a complete stiffening of the joint. Even at this stage, however, patients can often be helped.

The little finger illustrates the enlarged ends of bones and the diminished joint spaces caused by osteoarthritis. It is primarily the result of aging and generally does not cause severe crippling.

Doctors do not consider rheumatoid arthritis simply a disease of the joints. They say that the person who has this condition generally shows signs of disease of the *entire* body. This may be evidenced by loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional upsets, nutritional deficiencies, and sometimes by other more serious conditions.

Whenever signs of rheumatoid arthritis occur, a *thorough physical examination* is needed. Only in this way can an exact diagnosis be made and treatment outlined to meet the patient's *individual* needs.

There is no known cure as yet for rheumatoid arthritis. Medical authorities believe that standard treatment—*if continued persistently*—can prevent serious complications in 70 percent of cases, and even completely relieve the painful symptoms in many cases. This treatment includes rest, good nutrition, physical therapy, and other measures.

Safeguards against Arthritis

1. Keep your weight at normal, or below.
2. Eat a balanced daily diet, and get plenty of rest and sleep.
3. Maintain good posture.
4. Develop a calm mental outlook.
5. Have regular medical and dental check-ups.

To help prevent arthritis—or lessen the effects if it should occur—*one should not neglect seeing the doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint*. Moreover, it is most important for the patient to realize that relief from *any* type of arthritis depends largely on close and faithful cooperation with the doctor in all phases of treatment.

Above all, arthritic patients should take an optimistic attitude toward this disease, because worry and mental strain may intensify symptoms. Today it is reassuring to know that *the great majority of arthritis cases can be greatly helped.*

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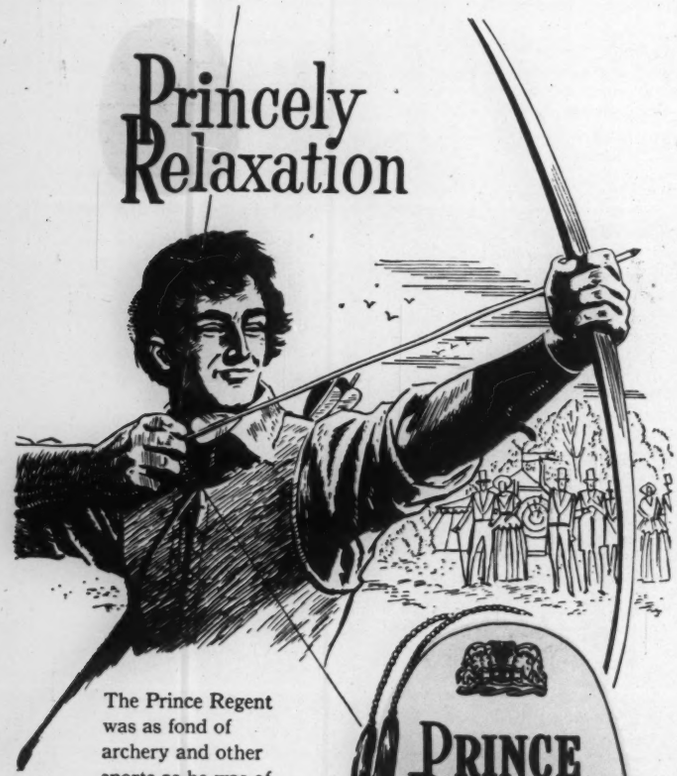

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ing actual expenses against income tax applies in the provinces as well as in the Federal parliament. Cabinet ministers have to live in the capital city. They must also retain their residence in their own ridings or, politics being what they are, they would find it difficult to get re-elected. But the income tax act makes no provision for the man who is forced to maintain two residences by the fact that he is a minister of the Crown. In an entirely different economic position is the cabinet minister who sits for a riding right in the capital.

Professionally it is generally suggested that doctors are the hardest hit by public service as their practice melts away during their long absences. But teachers elected to parliament—they very seldom can afford the risk—lose their private income entirely. School Boards don't like teachers being away for two-thirds of the school term annually.

OF ALL the occupations represented in parliament, farmers who have family help to keep the home place going and lawyers seem to suffer the least. But this generalization, however, should not obscure the heavy loss in income good lawyers suffer. Labor MP's who in their innocence regarded the indemnity as meaning more than they had previously made, are finding the expenses of parliamentary life cut sharply into the apparent riches.

The Toronto or Montreal lawyers, just a few hours removed from Ottawa, can be back in the office every week-end; can slip away from the House to look after a case for a day. But the Vancouver lawyer sits out the six-months' session right in Ottawa.

There is, of course, a good deal of legal work to be done in Ottawa appearing before commissions or taking questions up with departments. But doing Ottawa work for constituents sometimes poses a moral question: is it really legal work or is it a political chore? On the elasticity of conscience depends whether a lawyer can make up for the money he loses by being in politics. Of course, the lawyer who is personally defeated sometimes does very well in government legal work from which MP's are barred. This only applies to the government party.

In the past the thought that success in politics might mean eventual elevation to the Bench, has been a factor in encouraging young lawyers to enter politics. One former MP, now a judge, writes: "The agitation to take judgeships entirely out of politics has much to commend it and will probably succeed eventually. But when that time comes the House of Commons will be denied a lot of good talent."

What should be done about a situation which plainly is making it difficult to recruit promising young talent for political life in Canada? This seems to require a two-way approach: to reduce the economic loss of political life and to raise the personal prestige of being a member of parliament. Here are some suggestions as to how this could be accomplished:

1. Abolish the present $2,000 income tax free expense allowance.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

MEMORY UNLIMITED

I JUMPED into the first railway compartment which seemed empty, without noticing the little companion that was pre-destined to keep me awake all night. The train moved slowly out of the station. I gazed at the lights of Stockholm gently receding into the darkness, wrapped my rug around me and prepared to go to sleep. My eyes fell on a book left on the seat opposite by a previous passenger.

I took it up absent-mindedly and ran through the first few lines. Five minutes later, I was reading it as eagerly as a clue to a hidden treasure.

I learned that everyone's memory is capable of fantastic feats, that the least gifted of people can memorize once and for all, information as complicated as a list of the hundred largest towns in the world and their populations, all this after reading it through once only.

It seemed unlikely then that I should succeed in filing away the interminable lists of figures, dates, towns, their populations and reigning families, which had driven me to despair during my school days, when my memory was fresh. I thought I would test the truth of the statement.

I took a time-table out of my suitcase and began reading quietly in the manner prescribed, the names of the hundred railway stations between Stockholm and Trehörningsjö.

I observed that after reading it over only once, I really could recite that list in the order I had read it, and in its reverse order. I could even point out immediately the relative position of any town, for instance, which was the 27th, the 84th and the 36th, so deeply were these names imprinted in my mind.

I was astonished at the memory I had acquired and spent the rest of the night making new and more difficult experiments without reaching the limits of what I was so quickly capable.

I did not, of course, confine myself to experiments and on the next day I put to practical use my knowledge of the laws of the mind. I was then able to memorize with surprising ease whatever I read, the music I heard, the names and faces of people who called on me, their addresses, my business appointments and even to learn Spanish in four months.

If I have obtained from life a measure of wealth and happiness, it is to that book I owe it, for it revealed to me the workings of my brain.

Three years ago, I had the good fortune to meet its author and I promised him to propagate his method and today, I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him.

I can only suppose that others wish to acquire, what is after all the most valuable asset towards success in life. Borg's address is G. T. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Lower Baggot St., Dublin, Eire.

Apply to him for his little book "The Eternal Laws of Success." It is free to all who wish to develop their memory.

F. ROBERTS.

In place of the blanket exemption permit MP's to charge the out of pockets costs of legitimate political expenses against their income tax.

2. Provide free air transportation to and from Ottawa for Maritime and Western members. This would remove some of the burden Canada's generous geography saddles on some and not on others.

3. Change the sessional indemnity into an annual indemnity of from $7,500 to $10,000 a year, the increase to be effective only after members face their electors. This would do away with the present trend for two indemnities when two sessions are held in one year.

4. Revise parliamentary machinery so as to diminish the sense of frustration now felt by the more active and more ambitious members. This could be done by overhauling the rules and greater use of parliamentary committees.

5. Encourage members to think more of their own national prestige by being less of ministerial or partisan rubber stamps and also by easing out the comic baby-kissing, cow milking western hat clowning characters.

The Meaning of Ike's Victory

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

was the beginning which it promised, of a two-party system in the Deep South. The heavy gains the Republicans made—largely due to trust in Eisenhower—break the Solid South that has for so long seemed a land apart.

Now whoever comes after Eisenhower; whoever leads the Democratic party in the future; whoever counts on winning the country will have to reckon with a two-party South. And that is a gain, no matter what else happens in American politics.

This time, unlike 1928 when Herbert Hoover won, it is a real beginning of the Republican party in the South. Now there are leaders, former Democrats, who have crossed the Rubicon. They can't go back. There is only one place for them, and that is now in the Republican party.

As to the Democrats, while the pattern of the coalition that Roosevelt formed is now broken, as was shown, particularly in New York State, thanks in great part to the fight put up by Governor Dewey, they are a strong party. They have some excellent men both in and out of Congress.

In Adlai Stevenson they have an unusual person. While he is a good politician and knows his way around he has other attributes. It is far more than a literate way of speaking. It is

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ALUMINUM has been flying high in civil and military aircraft for a good many years. Recently Prof. Pierre Demers of the University of Montreal found a new use for this air-borne metal. He used aluminum to encase a camera which he sent aloft attached to a hydrogen-filled balloon in order to photograph cosmic rays, ten miles up in the cold and empty stratosphere.

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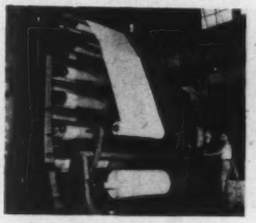
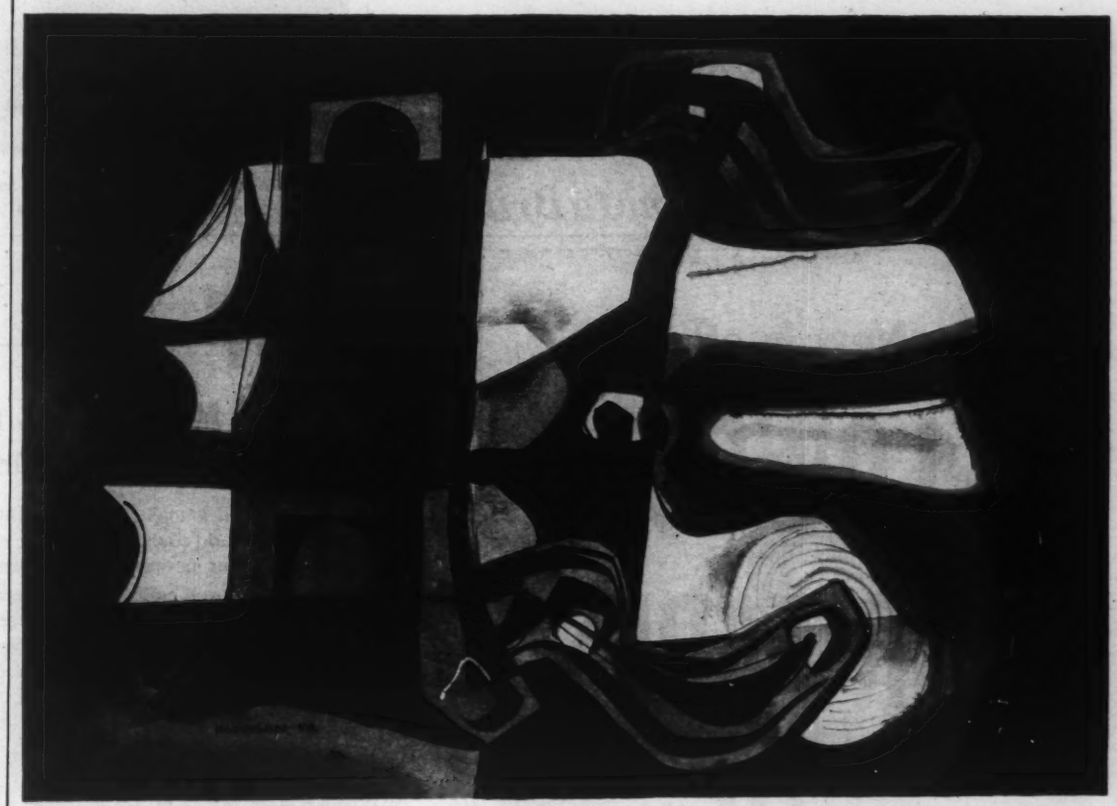
No. 5 in a series illustrating steps in the manufacture of paper.



Tom Hodgson, young Toronto artist, used this photograph of a Provincial super calendering machine to create his impression—unrestricted as to technical accuracy.
Mr. Hodgson was born in 1924, has been painting ever since his school days and first exhibited in 1946. He is regarded as one of Canada's promising younger artists.

IMPRESSION



Impression of super calendering machine . . . by Tom Hodgson.

Your printed message, be it expressed through art or writing, is only as forceful as its final *impression*. This depends not only upon careful printing, but also upon your choice of paper.

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Come to Britain

that he is a very decent person, which was underlined by the top strategy of the Republicans. They talked of him as being misguided. They said he didn't fully appreciate many problems. But they neither said, nor apparently felt, anything bitter about him.

There are some lessons of interest to Canadian politicians in the American election campaign. One of them is that there is now a new generation that cannot, or will not, be frightened by references to the depression of the thirties.

Stevenson started off by saying he would not run against Herbert Hoover. He ended up, under the impact of Truman's campaigning, warning against a return to the depression days and leaving the clear implication that his opponents were responsible for the depression. It didn't work. It didn't stop people from doing what they really wanted to do: Change the government.

—International

MANY world leaders are old friends to Ike Eisenhower. He is expected to take the opportunity of Anthony Eden's stay at UN to talk over high policy.

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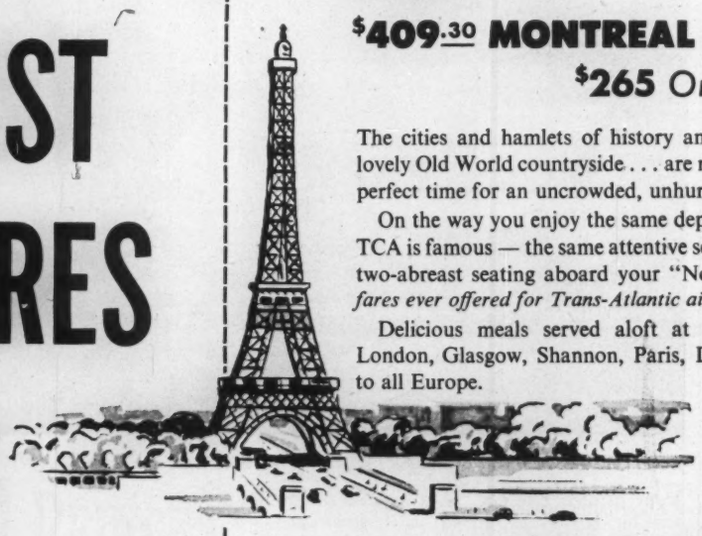

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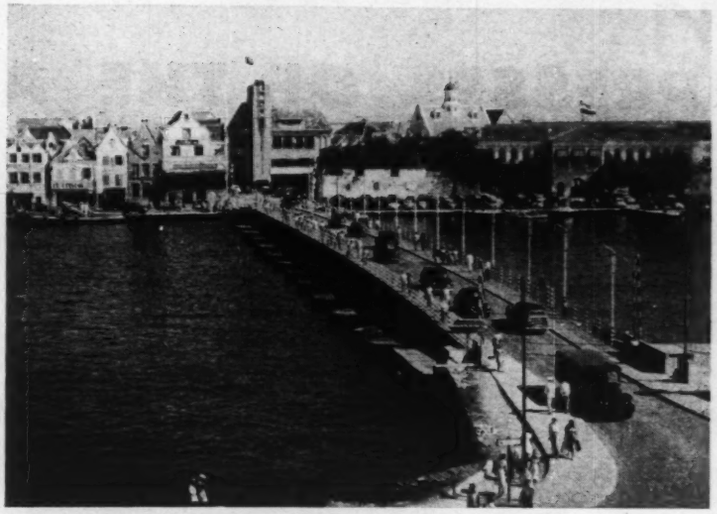
PORTS OF CALL

An "ABC" in the Caribbean

by L. F. Bouman



CURACAO'S PONTOON BRIDGE SWINGS ASIDE FOR SHIPS

WHEN you say A, you usually say B and C also. Reversing the order a little we might apply this rule to the three Netherlands West Indies islands, or Netherlands Antilles as they now are called officially. So, when you go to Curaçao why not add a few days to your trip and take a look at the other two of the ABC group, Aruba and Bonaire?

Few people travelling in the Caribbean have missed Curaçao; for years it has been a favorite stop on many West Indies travel itineraries. Its capital, Willemstad, is distinctly Netherlands in character and architecture. Clean streets and wharves are lined with eighteenth century gabled houses painted in bright and subtle colors, roofed with red tiles. Brilliant sunlight and vivid blue skies give this cheerful bit of Holland-in-the-tropics a bright aspect and gay spirit. The oldest quarter of the town, known as Punda, is the thriving shopping center, humming with commercial activity. Many of its streets are but fifteen feet wide, yet its shops are bulging with tempting merchandise from Europe, the Orient and North and South America. And prices are surprisingly low, because, like in all the Netherlands Antilles, import duties are almost negligible and there are no sales or luxury taxes. The famous Curaçao liqueur is distilled on the island from the special kind of home-grown orange.

IN WILLEMSTAD there are quite a few excellent restaurants with a large variety of local, European and, if you prefer, American menus. Only two miles from the city center is Piscadera Bay Club, the island's foremost beach resort, inviting both for its clear seawater and its high level beach. Several lovely beaches at the south coast also offer fine opportunities for swimming and various kinds of water sports. And the visitor who has a few hours to spare should not forget to see the beautiful furniture and tasteful interior decorations of the past centuries, genuine paintings of the colonial period and many other valuable antiques in the Curaçao Museum.

But since we are in the neighborhood, why not take a plane and hop over to Aruba? The trip takes only 35 minutes and we have a choice of five conveniently spaced flights every day. Both Curaçao and Aruba have first-class airports at a short distance from the city centers; their new, spacy air terminals are not surpassed by any building of their kind in the Caribbean.

The island of Aruba is even smaller than Curaçao but at least equally important as an oil refining center. Its trim capital, Oranjestad, is essentially Dutch Caribbean with many quaint old houses in the gayest colors. It has clean asphalted streets with modern government, business and residential buildings.

Aruba's scenery is quite different from Curaçao's countryside. There are huge rock formations amidst desert-like vegetation and, also, several delightful picnic beaches and coves near the north shore. In addition, Aruba boasts one of the finest bathing beaches in the entire Caribbean area. Its snow-white sands are washed by a blue-green sea of incredible color and sparkling clearness. Visitors from abroad are always welcome as temporary members of Aruba's sports clubs.

WELL we have said A and C. To put in the B we have to fly back to Curaçao from where we take a plane to Bonaire. Number three of the group is a little closer to Curaçao than Aruba, so barely half an hour after leaving Hato Airport we land at Bonaire.

For the lover of nature, Bonaire is really a paradise. Its landlocked salt water bays are the habitat of huge colonies of tropical water birds of an endless variety. But the most thrilling sight is the thousands of brilliant pink flamingos, which breed on the island at several places.

The climate in the three islands is very much alike. Lying outside the range of hurricanes, bathed in perpetual sunshine, and cooled by the fresh northeasterly trade winds, the Netherlands Antilles are known for their bland, equable, truly Caribbean weather.

The islands are easy to reach from Canada, the United States or from any other Caribbean island. Curaçao and Aruba, besides regular ports of call of several important steamship lines, are both connected with Miami by regular daily flights. Curaçao has not only a frequent direct air connection with New York but also with Montreal. In addition, Curaçao is a favorite port of call on practically all West Indies winter cruises.

And if you come, do not stop at just A *or* B *or* C. Make it a point to visit all three.

—Photos courtesy Netherlands West Indies Tourist Committee

HARBOR VIEW FROM THE FLAMINGO ROOM IN ARUBA

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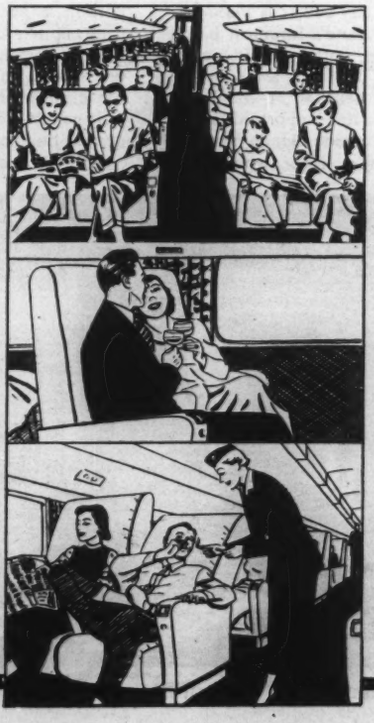

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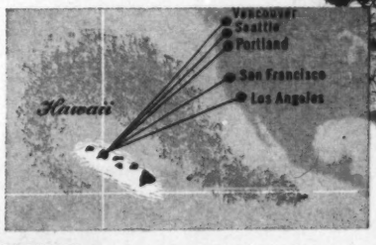

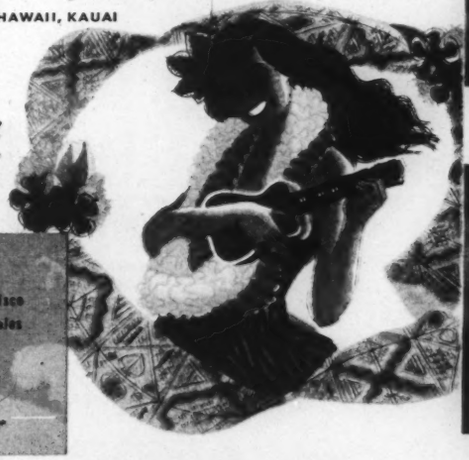

MAUI—*Island maidens dancing the hula, sway to the ancient beat of gourds and to modern Hawaiian rhythms, leaving a captivating memory.*

OAHU—*With delicious pork roasted in an* imu *(pit oven) and other age-old island delicacies, a* luau *(feast) is a gay, colorful celebration.*

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The Serpent in the Garden

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

they were having a field day of it. On their left a few feet ahead the officers heard a weird buzz. Stepping quickly aside to the right they heard a buzz of the same kind in that direction too. They were afraid to put one foot before the other. They stood as if rooted in the very middle of the beaver meadow. Any advantage they had hoped to gain by an unannounced approach to Bradley's hide-out was now utterly lost. It was they who were trapped, not Bradley. Only some desperate action could free them.

As if spurred by a single ill they made a dash straight to the nearest point on the edge of the woods two hundred yards away and took chances on where they placed their feet. Like wild men under pursuit, they raced across the open space. When they reached the heavy cedar jungle that screened the still they were breathless and too unnerved to be in the mood to face resistance. But what did that matter now? Their bird had already flown.

They turned to Bradley's house. Somebody was at home, or had been lately, as a curl of live smoke from the chimney made clear. The officers knocked. With little delay the door was opened—just wide enough to reveal part of a woman's face.

"Is Mr. Bradley home?" the men asked.

"No." There was finality in the tone.

"Will he be back soon?"

"No." The slit between the door and its frame was narrowed slightly.

"May we come in and wait for him?"

"No."

"Well, if you won't let us in we may have to force our way in. We have a warrant to search the house."

"If you try that you'll be sorry." The uncanny confidence in the voice was ominous.

Without further ado the men stepped forward as if to prevent the door from being slammed in their faces, but far from being closed the door was thrown open as if by an explosion. Before the visitors towered the figure of a great angry Gorgon. They saw her plunge her right hand deep into a tall barrel that stood close to the door frame. In an instant up came the hand brandishing two large wriggling Massasaugas and thrusting them straight at the officers' faces.

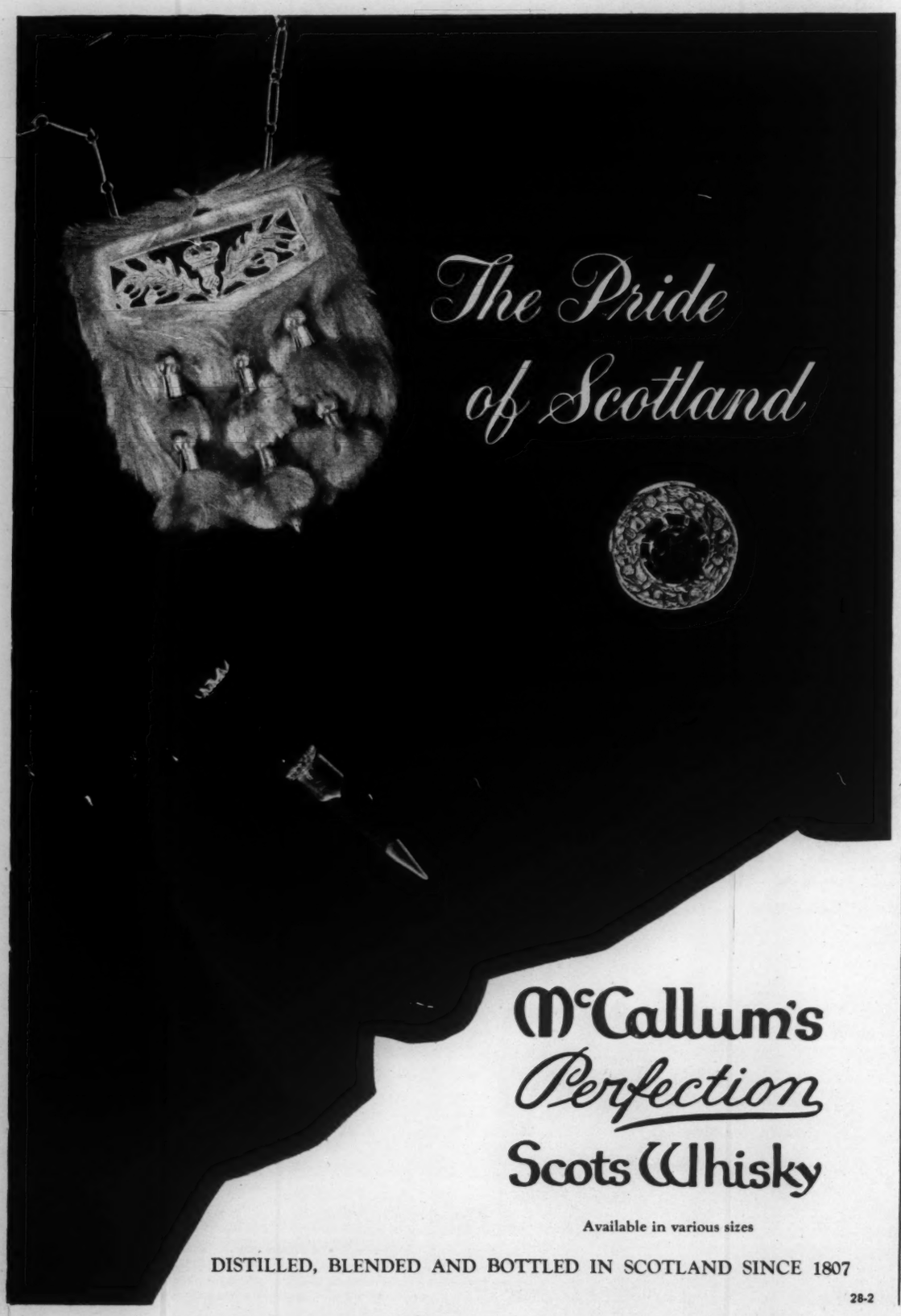
THE MEN were petrified as though beholding the head of Medusa with its tresses of writhing serpents. But it was for a moment only that they stood fixed like figures of stone. The darting heads never touched, never even grazed their target: The human faces were in no mood to parley. They had had enough of Massasaugas for one day—nay, for a lifetime. And to reach their boat they had yet to run the gauntlet of Massasaugas through the grass.

Massasaugas behind them, Massasaugas before them! Were men ever before ensnared in so desperate a dilemma?

They ran as if demented, ran in the full, undiminished sense of the word, ran as fast as foot and lungs would permit. And on their heels strode the Gorgon, now waving a serpent in each hand. So close was she that the men dare not pause an instant to loose their boat. Past it they shot as on winged sandals and leaped into the water of the off-shore shallows. Medusa waded in after them. On went the pursued until the water came up to their armpits. Ignominiously they halted, turned right about face, held up their hands, and pleaded for mercy.

"All right," screamed the brawny guardian of home and father.

"But don't you dare come ashore. I'll shove your boat over to you. And get out o'here as fast as the wind will take you." No man ever obeyed a woman's behest more gladly and with greater alacrity than these two gallant servants of the law. As they floated out on the cove they realized with a relief beyond words that it was water, and not marsh grass and Gorgon's tresses, that was waving beneath them.



LONDON LETTER

Bevan Is Counted Out

by P. O'D.

MR. ATTLEE may not look tough or talk tough, but there are occasions when he can certainly fight tough. He did so at the recent meeting of the Parliamentary Labor Party, when the question of Bevanism as a "party within the Party" came to a head. By reports at second hand, for these meetings are supposed to be secret and confidential—only of course they are not, and couldn't be—the battle was long and bitterly fought. But there could be no doubt about the verdict—188 to 51.

Thus did Messrs. Attlee, Morrison, and the "Old Gang", walk away with the clothes of the Bevanites, leaving them to get home as best they could under cover of darkness. Thus also did Mr. Attlee avenge his defeat in a similar struggle last March, when his efforts to discipline Mr. Bevan and his followers over their opposition to the Rearmament Bill were voted down. Then the "middle-of-the-roaders", led by Mr. Strachey, managed to prevent a decision. This time Mr. Bevan was definitely counted out. But how long will he stay down?

Very few people believe that Mr. Bevan will refuse to accept the verdict of the Parliamentary Labor Party and to disband his followers as a separate group in the Party. To do so would force Mr. Attlee to take up the challenge — with consequences that neither side cares to risk.

What is generally expected is that Mr. Bevan will ostensibly, even ostentatiously, disband his group—much as a guerrilla leader disperses his merry men when the enemy is too strong for them, but knowing quite well where to find them and how to rally them just as soon as the prospects are brighter. There is besides, one large and important political area where the Bevanites can lie low among their friends and await the next trial of strength—the constituencies.

Already one of his chief lieutenants, Mr. Crossman of *The New Statesman*, is giving warning that "the really dangerous gap which must be healed is not between the Bevanite group in the House of Commons and the Parliamentary Party, but the gap between the great majority of the constituency parties and the official leadership". He goes on to say that he wants "above all things to see the Labor Party stop wasting its time on sterile controversy and return to its proper job of throwing the Tories out of office."

That is the way many other Labor leaders feel about it—on both sides of the gap. But the gap will not be easily bridged, not for a long time.

THIS YEAR'S Motor Show in London is bigger, better, and brighter than ever — largely, no doubt, because the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who get it up, are celebrating their jubilee. Another good reason for their making special efforts is that business isn't as good as it used to be. Even the home market is displaying, not consumer resistance, but what might be called "consumer depression." The buyers would like to, but they haven't the price.

At other Motor Shows of recent years visitors could safely indulge in a gaudy and exciting form of window-shopping. They could inspect and order svelte and shining models of famous ancestry, heedless of the horrifying price, knowing full well that they wouldn't be called on to accept them for years.

Now if you recklessly put your name down for a car, somebody comes around with it next day—unless, of course, you should have signed on for one of those nice, modest, cheap (or what used to be cheap) little cars, that burn very little gasoline and can be stowed away in the woodshed. You still have to wait for those—years, in fact.

TELEVIEWERS, if that is the right word, are very much disappointed by the announcement of the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, that the Coronation Joint Executive Committee, with the consent of the Coronation Commission, acting on the advice of the Cabinet—an array of authorities that might be expected to stifle almost any criticism—has decided that there is to be no televising of the Coronation ceremony. Color films, black-and-white films, still photography, yes, but no television. No "live television", that is.

Now all this seems very unfair to the people—some two millions of them—who have or will soon have television sets, and to their uncles and their cousins and their aunts, and their friends and neighbors, who were looking forward to sitting around the little glass screen and seeing the whole show right there just as it will be taking place. If ordinary films, why not television? they ask.

The answer is simple, but sufficient, though it really concerns only one person—the Queen. But after all she is the one person chiefly to be considered. In spite of her beautiful poise and royal dignity, in spite of her long and careful training, the Coronation ceremony in itself will be a severe ordeal for her, especially as she will know that every eye in the Abbey will be glued on her all through it. But to know that, in addition, millions of eyes all over this country and Northern Ireland will be watching her in the unforgiving detail of television, so that she can't blink an eye or wrinkle her nose without its being shown magnified in two million homes—that seems really too much.

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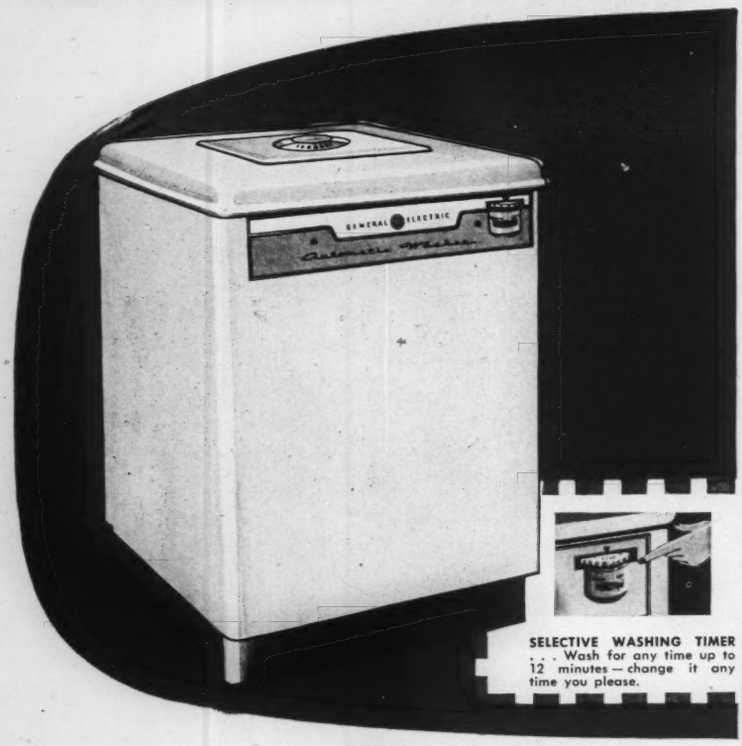

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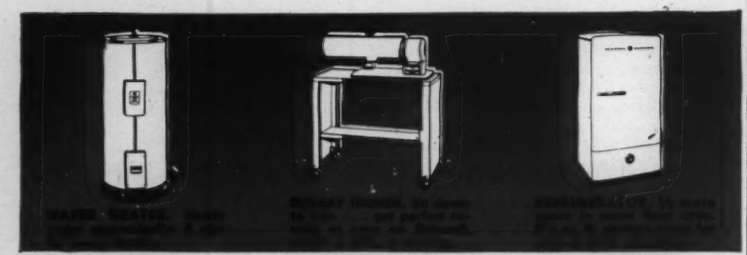

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Winnipeg's Ballet Mistress

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

technical term for bending your knees until your stomach muscles do nip-ups.)

After an arduous period of training, the Winnipeg Ballet emerged with Miss Farrally as one of the stars. As a completely successful dancer she started too late in life. While she has beautiful shoulders, expressive arms and a neat torso, the Farrally legs are too short and sturdy for classic ballet. Nevertheless, as a mime she has no equal in Canada and parts that Miss Lloyd wrote for her have never been interpreted by another dancer with the same degree of success.

The Winnipeg Ballet built a firm artistic standard, but it was always on shaky financial legs until it was taken over by a board of public spirited citizens, headed by Lady Tupper. Lady Tupper, who has the nominal title of vice-president of the Winnipeg Ballet, is really its motivating force. Lady Tupper begs, cajoles and talks bewildered Winnipeggers into supporting the ballet and is a person of violent likes and dislikes.

She swears that she loves Miss Farrally as a mother and is backing her up to the limit of a capacity that is considerable. "Betty," she says, "is a wonderful, warm-hearted person and I adore her."

It is quite likely if one approached Walter Kaufmann, conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, for a testimonial, that the reaction would be more than a little less cordial.

Mr. Kaufmann conducted the Ballet on several occasions, in addition to writing music for it. However, after a stormy dress rehearsal in which Miss Farrally demanded whether Mr. Kaufmann had missed four bars, and Mr. Kaufmann had retorted: "Yes, my musicians ate them for breakfast" it was known that the association would be more blighted than fruitful.

Gweneth Lloyd herself says: "Betty is a human dynamo. She sets her teeth and won't let go. She belongs to the blood, sweat and tears school. As a teacher she uses the push and pull method. She pushes with her mental force and pulls with the sheer magnetism of her personality."

APPARENTLY there was more push than pull with Mr. Kaufmann. Eric Wild is now the official conductor for the Winnipeg Ballet.

Miss Farrally's dancers understand her. She works them like a Trojan, she screams at them like a banshee, she enforces a rigid discipline. But, at the same time she looks after them with all the fierce devotion that she can command. She looks for lodgings for them, she makes them eat nourishing, but not fattening food, she advises them on their personal problems, she takes their temperatures and she is quite capable of massaging their chests if they have colds.

And somehow, out of this baptism of fire, *entrechats, fouettes, plies* and *pointes* there has emerged a company that is noted for its freshness, its vitality, its discipline and its personality. Although some of her dancers call her "Betty-Doll", they respect her. The Winnipeg Ballet method, arrived at when conventional methods failed, has brought forth a company in which the principals all keep their personalities as well as their precision. That is what critics mean when they speak of its unjaded freshness.

A typical Betty Farrally day gives some illustration of her stamina. She rushes into the Winnipeg Ballet studio to give a 10 to 10.30 class, then hurtles off to an 11 to 1 o'clock rehearsal. She eats a sandwich in a taxi as she is being taken to Balmoral Hall, an exclusive girls' school, to give a two-hour lesson. Then she stampedes back to the school for a solo and *pas-de-deux* rehearsal, followed by a children's class from 4.30 to 5.30. This is followed by a private lesson. She gulps some food in half an hour and is ready for a 6.30 to 10.30 rehearsal with the whole company.

SHE TAXIES home, has dinner at 11.15 and is in bed from 12.30 to 1 o'clock, rising at 7.30 to have breakfast with her small son, Richard. This, she says, is the only time that she really gets a chance to see him.

Richard is the son of Miss Farrally's marriage to the late John Farrally, an RAF officer she met while he was instructing at Carberry.

With all this rampaging energy, and this back-breaking schedule, Miss Farrally still manages to get time to run her school on a fairly even keel. She confers with Miss Lloyd by long-distance telephone from Toronto, because she hasn't time to write. The bills are astronomical. They're always screaming economy but—in the world of ballet logic is just a word.

Every once in a while she is moved to act and manages, even in the face of all her other responsibilities, to take a part in a local amateur production. This once led her to play a lisping soubrette in an al-fresco performance of "Ten Nights In A Bar-Room", an occasion which her friends celebrated by turning up and hurling peanuts and orange-peel on the stage during her big scene.

However, when she was cast as Myra in a Little Theatre performance of Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" she performed with considerable dexterity and a sophisticated aplomb that brought critical approval. She would much prefer to be an actress, or a veterinary surgeon or a dancer than a ballet mistress. But the mastery of a company is something that she has approached with an amount of energy that is positively frightening.

The Winnipeg Ballet is starting out another successful season with Betty Farrally as ballet mistress and Gweneth Lloyd giving long-distance telephone direction from Toronto.

This may sound weird and wonderful, but it is also warm-hearted and encouraging. Winnipeg has never seen anybody like Betty Farrally and if she sometimes makes it wonder if an earthquake has struck, it thinks she is pretty marvelous.

Certainly it will never be bored with her.

GHOST CAPITAL

Seoul: City of Desolation

by Patrick O'Donovan

Seoul

TAKE a gorgeous palace. Surround it with a high wall. Build a small city about it with wide avenues and suburbs that rise on foothills. Set the whole town in a hollow between mountains that are so close that they seem to start at the end of every street. And, at about this time of the year, clothe the whole in an atmosphere of cold, crystalline clarity and you will have the city of Seoul which, until a couple of years ago, was the capital of Korea.

But nowadays, of course, that is not quite all. Except for a company of slatternly Korean soldiers who seem to have been left behind by the war, the Palace is empty and dusty. The Royal family, whose dynastic name was Lee, have been driven out and dispossessed. They are living on a worthless pension in a provincial town. Their treasures were sold long ago to the Japanese to pay their debts and they mean nothing in their own country.

More than half the city is in ruins. Some of the foothills are crowned with factories and colleges and they, also, are derelict. The wide avenues are lined with thin fronts of buildings that do not hide the rubble and the twisted iron behind. The roads are worn and broken. There are scars like splashes on the sides of walls where shells have exploded. The Capitol building, which the Japanese built of grey stone when this was their colony, is gutted and empty, though a sentry stands at its gate and a complicated Korean flag is lashed to its broken dome.

IT IS in fact, a town ruined by war: no rare thing in the world today. Signal wires droop between the dusty trees. Sentries, white and negro, stand outside dilapidated buildings and jerk little salutes at officers. Military notices are nailed to tree trunks and to the stumps of lamp posts; they point the way to a dozen different headquarters; they warn the personnel of the United Nations that all cafes and restaurants are out of bounds; over and over again, they say, epigrammatic and minatory, "Native Liquor Blinds" and "Native Liquor Kills".

These notices are for the military traffic that grinds and bumps all day and night through the city, to and from the Front, as impatient of its surroundings as the water in a river bed. There is literally no civilian traffic, no shiny limousine for the black market king, no family car for the philoprogenitive missionary.

The civilians move on foot, or else packed like dates into a box in one of the rare trams whose windows are always broken and the sides dented. They live in fantastic concentrations on the edge of the city where the fighting was less bitter. Here they have single storied, inward-looking houses packed side to side and separated by narrow stinking alleys. They are capped with ponderous roofs of curving tiles. Their walls are bright with coloured bricks. The doors are of heavy oak and the windows are barred.

Sometimes, through a half open door, you catch a glimpse of a tiny courtyard inside. There are many children; old men smoke brass pipes sitting on a polished floor; the interior walls are sliding screens in the Japanese manner, so that there is no distinction between the life of the yard and the house. There are often heaps of shell cases—which might come in handy—or fly-blown prints of the Sacred Heart—since many are Christian—or great jars for storing grain—which are unlikely to be full.

THE PEOPLE here are either old, or else they are women and children. There is nothing in between, since war has passed like a wave four times in two years over Seoul and has washed the young men away. Often down a back street, you hear the harsh voices of war orphans singing in class from the other side of a wall, where they have been found a refuge in an old school or someone else's house.

In the streets around the American PX, or near the Commonwealth NAAFI there is a sudden flowering of stalls and little shack shops, to serve the soldiers who arrive dusty and unshaven from the front 30 miles away. There is little enough to sell.

Some sell flags—Confederate flags, Turkish flags, inaccurate Union Jacks, Stars and Stripes whose stars look overcrowded and confused. There are leather shops that do a brisk trade in shoulder holsters among soldiers who find their uniform insufficiently aggressive. There are squares of bright cloth for the tops of pianos at home which are embroidered with unit signs and the legend "Back from Hell: Korea 1952". There are unsuitable postcards and American cigarettes whose coverings have faded from long exposure.

Most people do not find the Koreans a wholly sympathetic people. They are not always grateful; they seem hard and remote. Perhaps they have suffered too much in the last 50 years. Yet they maintain a dignity. The women still manage to walk out in long, high-waisted skirts of some sort of white muslin that makes them look—from a distance—like the heroines of a Victorian novel. They still manage to dress in dazzling white. They walk along the broken pavements, with no obvious air of tragedy, hard-eyed, flat-faced, coarse-haired, preoccupied, living in their ancient city that they cannot really call their own.—*OFNS*

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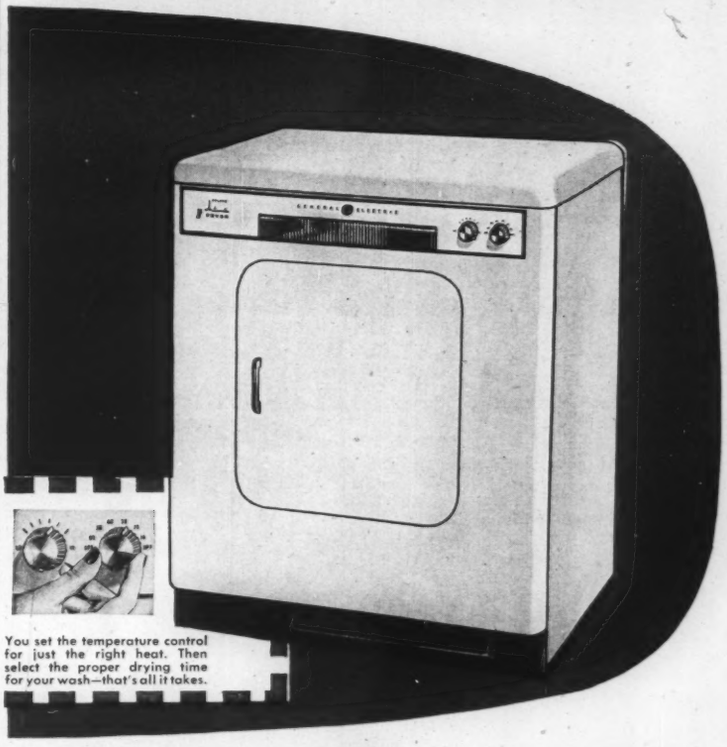
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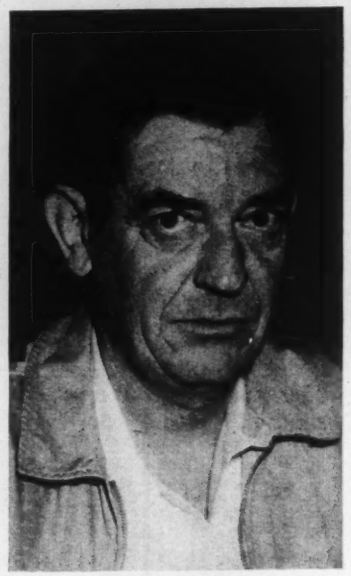
"Union Farmer" – Prairie Voice

by P. V. Wade



EDITOR JIM WRIGHT

THE Saskatchewan Farmers' Union and its president Joseph L. Phelps (Joe to one and all in Saskatchewan), about whom SATURDAY NIGHT ran an article in November, 1950, has a house organ, *Union Farmer* with a paid circulation of about 25,000. This fact alone may not be worth recording, but there's much about *Union Farmer* worth repeating.

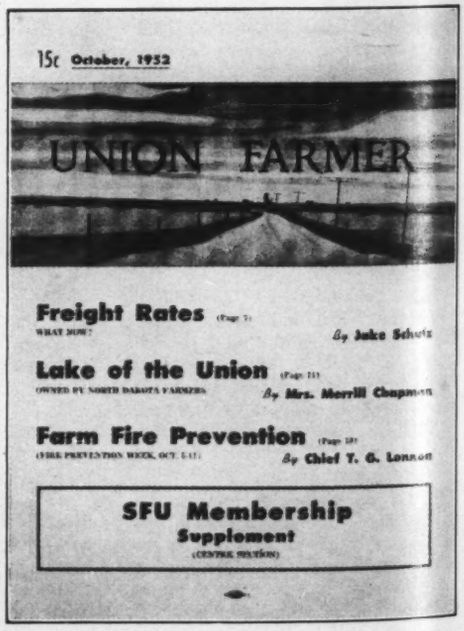
Like all house organs, the SFU monthly hews fairly close to the organization's line—carries a column or more each month signed by SFU President J. L. Phelps publicizing his prairie farmer beefs or griefs of the moment. And if, as is not unusual, the prairie farm unions have been plaguing Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe or Agro Minister Jimmy Gardiner with some rather far-fetched claims about the low estate of the prairie agricultural economy, the particular beef, which often turns into a brief, gets a good play. But from there on the magazine's content is more-than-somewhat varied and unpredictable from month to month.

Recently it ran a scathing cartoon portraying SFU President Joe as a bull in a Saskatchewan Wheat Pool china shop. It has lampooned both Saskatchewan's Premier Douglas and Opposition Leader Walter Tucker, and does not hesitate to poke fun at farmers themselves. It runs a sports page from time to time, has an outstanding lawyer writing free legal advice, gets a column each issue from pundit Elmore Philpott and frequently publishes delving items on deep economics and sociology which may be beyond the mental capacities of about 85 per cent of the readers, while probably not fully understood by those who penned the pieces.

An accomplishment of *Union Farmer* is to have obtained permission from *The New Yorker* to reprint that exclusive journal's satirical cartoons and leisurely revealing pieces. Other periodicals have succumbed to the luring and honeyed words of Editor Jim Wright and his wife and partner, Diana. September *Union Farmer* carried John Collins' cartoon from SATURDAY NIGHT about Canada's C. D. Howe ignoring sinking U.K. trade.

Wright, of course, is not unknown to Canadian authors, although Canada's public generally may not know much of him. He won the Governor-General's Award (1940) for general literature, non-fiction, with his "Slava Bohu, Story of the Doukhobors." To get his material, Jim (J. F. C.) Wright lived several years among the Douks, and since his own mental-emotional processes are not too far removed from the tortured thinking of that strange sect, no wonder he produced a fine piece of work.

A crusader, Wright pioneered for the CCF back in the 1930's. After the party attained secure power in Saskatchewan he lost interest and, according to some of his friends, seemed to become politically respectable on a national level and was recently suspected, by one of his neighbors, of voting Liberal. But he was born to be a believer. A Fellow of both the Canadian and American geographical societies, he managed several fine pieces for "Canadian Geographical Journal" and although he may have lost money on their production, he retained his flair for probing and pre-


15¢ October, 1952

UNION FARMER

Freight Rates

By Jake Schultz

Lake of the Union

By Mrs. Merrill Chapman

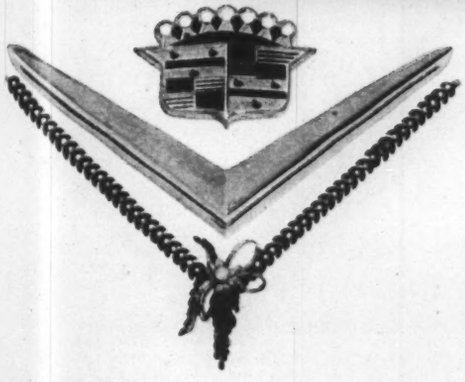
Farm Fire Prevention

By Chief T. G. Lonnon

SFU Membership Supplement

Cadillac

Jewels by Harry Winston



A woman, quite naturally, expects many wonderful things when she first moves up to Cadillac. . . . She expects superlative comfort and luxury, for instance—and surpassing beauty and performance and pride of ownership. And her Cadillac, it goes almost without saying, meets her fondest expectations in all these regards. . . . But it also offers certain things she probably *never* expected from a car so big and luxurious. She's surprised to find, for example, how incredibly *easy* it is to drive and handle—even in the heaviest traffic. And she's amazed to learn how unbelievably simple it is to turn and park—*especially* if she has selected Power Steering.* . . . But it is not until the *miles* roll by that she receives the greatest surprise of all! For then she discovers that her Cadillac is among the most *economical* cars in the world to operate and maintain. . . . So as *you* look forward to your Cadillac, expect all the wonderful things you have always associated with the car—plus *three* grand surprises. You will not be disappointed!

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

senting the unusual. Hence he was greatly attracted when, less than three years ago, Joe Phelps took on the task of reviving the prairie farm grass-roots movement and offered him a free hand to produce a farm paper.

Since Wright loves to delve and argue and Phelps revels in controversy and agitation, they got along fine. And Joe, publisher by virtue of being president of the farm union whose members own the publication, doesn't interfere with the editing—not even when the odd barb is launched in his direction.

In presentation, this house organ could, in some respects, be compared to the *New Statesman and Nation* though its local reports get a *Time*-like treatment. Generously larded with relevant cuts which the editor wangles from newspapers he formerly worked on, *Union Farmer* seeks out prairie artists, pays for original drawings. Among widely separated publications that have reproduced its illustrated articles are "The Yorkton Enterprise" and "Canadian Art".

At annual conventions of the Saskatchewan Farmers' Union, *Union Farmer* becomes occasionally the centre of heated debate, but since it has contrived -- a most unique achievement under the circumstances — to keep a reputable financial balance sheet, the attacks usually peter out, allowing the Wrights to follow their star.

FOR THE last few months the magazine has been managed and edited by Diana Wright, who learned fast —still gets advice and direction from her husband. He neglected to pursue some literary work for which he had received payment and is now officially on leave of absence while furiously trying to catch up with the chore.

Union Farmer is a continuing adventure for the husband and wife combination. With a great push it generally catches the mail on time but its composition is in a state of flux until the day of final deadline. It advises farmers to take time off for fishing, read "Kon Tiki" or "A Few Buttons Missing" and "War and Peace," and not to burn stubble, but to plant trees to retard soil drifting while making attractive nesting places for song birds. The Wrights live on 20 acres just outside Saskatoon, keep no cats and encourage the birds by providing fresh well water in periods of summer drought. When mistaken for a farmer, Wright mournfully shakes his head—says he would like to have what it takes.

Employing no reporters, agricultural know-how and local news is sent in by farmers who also contribute thoughtful pieces, sometimes critical diatribes. Technical items emanating from the farm are subjected to confirmation, or otherwise, by university pundits, while agro professorial pamphlets are handed to practical farmers for vetting.

During the provincial election campaign last June *Union Farmer* accepted advertisements from the principal parties wooing the farmer's vote. Each ad in turn came in for criticism by the publication's respective owner-members. Tied to no political party, sect, creed or "ism," admittedly a house organ, this monthly is the liveliest farm publication to emerge on the prairies since Harris Turner's witty pen scintillated here 25 years ago.

As long as the magazine continues to be controversial—and it couldn't be otherwise with Jim Wright at the helm —circulation should grow. Trouble is that when it hits, say, 100,000 or over, too much orthodoxy may be required of the Wrights, and in that event their undoubted talents would then seek new fields. It pleases enigmatic Jim Wright, but also upsets him, when fiery Joe Phelps fails to rant at the latest literary innovation. Saskatchewan wonders how long pragmatic-driver Joe can put up with philosophical-bronco Jim — and vice versa. Meantime, coping with both is Toronto-born, onetime international skier and fancy diver Diana Wright (nee Kingsmill) who says "I enjoy this more than anything I've done before."

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Last of the Whaleships

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

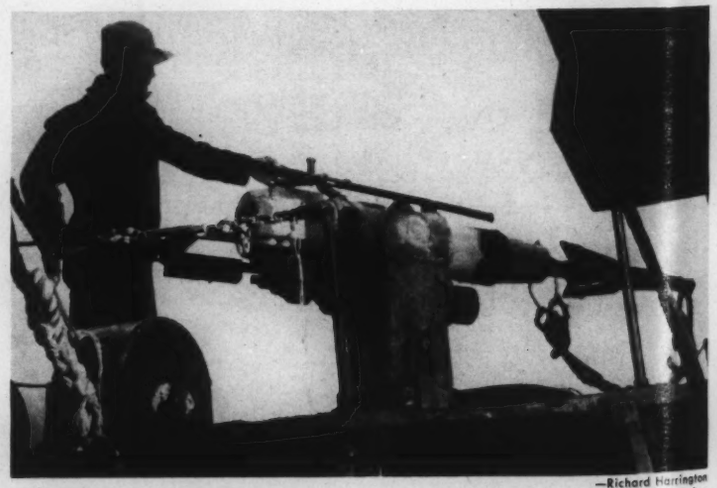
be extinct.

Most of the whalers are of Norwegian extraction, and like whale-meat better than beef. Humps have the most delicate flavor, but whales should be caught young, and the tender steaks from near the tail chosen for best eating. A whale steak may be 40 feet long, and you can have it two feet thick if you like.

When whaling was resumed after the war, it was supposed there would be a great demand for the meat. But housewives shied away from whale-burgers. The BC company tried producing it as dog food in 1949.

Now the entire whale goes into oil and meal. The blubber plus bones are reduced to oil through a "blow-down" system. Lower grades go into soaps and paints, but the best quality goes into European margarine. Vitamin A is also extracted.

Every morsel of meat is ground up, dried and bagged as a fine brown meal for animal feed, or for fertilizer. Not one scrap of whale is wasted—except the smell. Any suggestion for harnessing that would be most gratefully received by those working with the whales.



—Richard Harrington

GUNNER is standing by his cannon, with a bomb-loaded harpoon ready to let fly when a whale is sighted. No longer do they hunt with hand harpoons.

BUSINESS COMMENT

Weak Spots in the Dollar

by Michael Young

THE ARGUMENT about whether the high value of the Canadian dollar is good or bad for the economy as a whole may become an academic one. Conditions now indicate a lessening of the foreign demand for Canadian money is in the offing.

The strength of the Canadian dollar has been attributed mainly to the inflow of U.S. and other investment capital. For 1950 and 1951, when there was a net inflow of $1 billion and $500 million respectively and a deficit on current account for 1951, this was a valid conclusion. But it doesn't apply now. The net capital inflow is expected to be small this year, yet 1952 has seen the Canadian dollar pass the U.S. dollar on the international money markets. The Bank of Nova Scotia *Monthly Review* says the continued rise of the Canadian dollar "must be attributed to the marked improvement in the current trading position this year as compared with last".

The *Review* goes on to explain that last year Canada ran a deficit in her current transactions with the rest of the world totalling over $500 million. This year the accounts are approaching a balance.

Thus the value of our merchandise exports and imports returns as an important determinant of the international strength of the Canadian dollar. And it's here where conditions seem to be working toward a softening of the Canadian dollar.

In the first place, the improvement in our trading position is due entirely to a higher value of exports to overseas countries — principally Britain and Western Europe. We're still running a current account deficit with the United States. The balance is being achieved through the obsolete triangular trade pattern of prewar days. This pattern is going to be obsolete as long as the rest of the world finds U.S. dollars hard to come by. And there is certainly nothing to encourage the hope that that problem is going to be solved.

THE BRITISH are currently talking about a breathing spell. In the first half of 1951 they earned a surplus on their international accounts of £24 million (excluding £58 million in military aid). But the British position is literally nothing more than a breathing spell. In the second half of the year the position on capital account is likely to be much less favorable than it was in the first half. It's in the second half of the year, for instance, that Britain will have to find the dollars for interest and principal payments on Canadian and U.S. loans. On current account, exports to the dollar area only held steady at a disappointingly low level. The £11 million increase in exports is accounted for by sales to non-dollar countries. The U.K. position is more hopeful, but the fundamental difficulties remain, and as long as they do it's well to remember that there have been other spot improvements in the British balance of payments position since 1949 which were wiped out by a resurgent crisis.

A high value of exports to sterling-area customers can't be regarded as a continuing thing as long as they have difficulty earning dollars. So our present balance of payments position is rather shaky, and since exports are now an important factor in the strength of the Canadian dollar, it might be well not to look too far down our noses at the U.S. bills.

A change in the terms of trade is also likely to have its effect on the price of Canadian money in terms of other currencies. The present softening of prices is centred on food and raw materials which make up the bulk of Canada's exports. Pulp, lumber, lead and zinc have all weakened this year and there's little to support a hope that they'll rise. At the same time, manufactured commodities are enjoying relatively firm export prices. This is a sharp reversal from the condition just a short while ago.

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Buying securities on tips, on rumours, without examination, or buying on the advice of uninformed people, very often causes many an investment headache. Better Business Bureaus are kept busy, Securities Commission officials look into innumerable complaints, and securities are purchased which sometimes turn out to be . . ."not what I thought."

Before you invest, investigation is good common sense. *After* you invest, investigation is also good common sense. "See your dentist twice a year" is not propaganda . . . it is preventive dentistry. Most people think it good business to check trouble before it starts or, at least, before it becomes serious.

To have your investment adviser check your securities at regular intervals makes sense too. Conditions change, industries change, markets change. To "put them away and forget them" is not good... it's not good for teeth, and it's not good for securities.

Our organization is equipped to help you investigate *before* you invest and . . . *after* you invest, to help you by regularly checking your securities to see that your funds are working to best advantage and to see that they are doing for you what you want done. Any of our offices or representatives will help you . . . drop in or write, whichever is more convenient.

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50's in FLAT TINS

of an improvement in Britain's balance of payments position, since it was the high cost of raw materials that precipitated the most recent sterling crisis. However, sterling is in the position where it loses in either case. If raw material prices are high relative to manufactured goods, Britain loses; if it's the other way around, the raw material-producing countries in the sterling area lose. Somewhere between the two there should be a satisfactory balance, but it doesn't seem to have been struck yet. At present, sterling area raw materials are experiencing a softening of prices: cocoa, rubber, tin and burlap are all loosening, and there is also pressure in the U.S. for a 60 per cent increase in the duty on wool.

There's not likely to be a repetition of the "fast buck" capital inflow from the U.S. that preceded (and guessed wrongly about) the freeing of the Canadian dollar two years ago. A new and Republican Government in the U.S. seems to be a further guarantee against this. As far as normal investment capital is concerned, the inflow has slowed, and with the first bloom gone from Canada's development undertakings, there seems little to stimulate it. Besides, the crystal gazers have U.S. business a bit worried about prospects for 1954. That shakes one of the props under the high-priced Canadian dollar. The change in the terms of trade against some raw materials disturbs another, and the delicate balance of payments position of some of our major customers makes the third prop rather untrustworthy. The U.S. dollar may look the Canadian dollar straight in the eye yet.

People & Production

by John L. Marston

THERE has been some evidence in recent months that the new British monetary policy introduced last November and the change in trading conditions this year are helping to make Britain's population mobile again. Particularly significant was the rapid loss of workers by the textile industries; workers laid off in the recession did not wait around for reemployment but sought quite different jobs, and for the most part stayed in them, in the belief that the textile industries' scope was diminishing. Correspondingly, there has been some increase in employment in such manufacturing industries as engineering and in such basic industries and services as mining, agriculture, transport.

For years after the war the immobility of British labor was recognized by economists and by the better-informed officials as a chronic cause of the balance-of-payments problem. There was a shortage of coal because there were not enough miners, and of the goods that the world most urgently needed because there were not enough workers in the capital industries. Money could be made easily in the consumer trades in the home market. Despite conscientious official efforts to guide resources where they would be of most value, millions of people were needlessly employed in

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Extra Distribution

Notice is hereby given that a bonus of twenty-five cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the year ending 29th November, 1952 and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the fifteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1952.

By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., October 28, 1952.

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRY No. C 1387 has been issued authorizing the Universal Reinsurance Company Limited of Amsterdam, Holland, to transact in Canada the business of Inland Transportation Insurance and Personal Property Insurance, in addition to Fire Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, limited or inherent explosion Insurance, Sprinkler leakage Insuranee, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only. V. R. Willemson has been appointed Chief Agent.

DAVIS LEATHER COMPANY LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½c per share has been declared on the outstanding Class A shares of this Company, payable December 1, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business on November 15, 1952.

By Order of the Board.

KENNETH C. BENNINGTON,
Secretary.

Newmarket, Ontario,
November 5, 1952.

secondary industries—some of them quite trivial—and in unrationalized distribution.

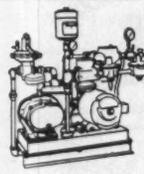
The change recently observable has not proceeded very far, but it is significant in principle. It is due partly to the easing of the housing shortage (the most willing workers must live within reach of their jobs), partly to the more gradual development of transport (the radius of work from one's home is wider if public vehicles penetrate further or if cycles and motorcycles are easily obtainable). But it is the change in the monetary situation, more than any other factor, that has thawed British labor and compelled it to flow more actively. Jobs, like markets, are no longer freely offered.

It may be that in this new state of fluidity Britain will be able to solve her short-term problems, even though most export trades are becoming strongly competitive. But the trends of population are long-term. A few decades hence—even 10 years hence—the change in the age-structure of Britain's population, and the change in Britain's population in relation to the world's population, may make it much more difficult for the country that was the most prosperous in the world a few generations ago to pay its way on a high standard of living.

Britain's population is more or less stable at approximately 50 million. Its age composition, however, is changing steadily. The "burden" of unproductive people that the working population has to "support" is increasing as the proportion of aged increases. It is calculated that the proportion of people in Britain over 65 will be about 40 per cent more 25 years hence than now; and in that period the growth of population in the world in general will seemingly make it more difficult to compete for supplies. It's in this respect that Britain is particularly badly placed by comparison with the countries of the East.

Even in crude economic terms, the conquest of disease is of inestimable benefit to the East, as it enables people to work more years and to work with more vigor. But in more advanced countries such as Britain it may do no more than enable people to enjoy a longer "old age" in better health—an achievement much to be desired but economically unrewarding.

Improving health and extending life present vast possibilities to the peoples of Asia, but they imply that hundreds of millions more mouths will be there to feed within a generation or two. The underdeveloped countries will be opened up, and it can be confidently expected that they will solve the problems inherent in the growth of populations that are already huge. But this expansion has serious implications, for Britain, which has to import nearly half its food, has lost the economic predominance that made it easy to import, and will be just one manufacturing country among many when the underdeveloped areas are opened up.



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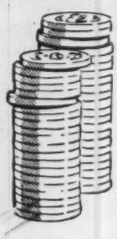

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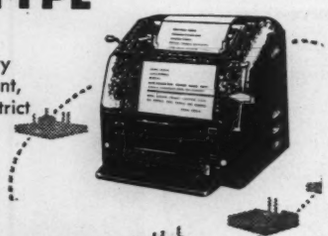

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INSURANCE

Welcome, Inspector

by Geoffrey L. Pratt

MOST PEOPLE with insurance in force on mercantile, industrial, service and other establishments along with stocks, machinery and equipment are accustomed to visits from representatives of the insurance companies whose policies they hold. It is unfortunate that some still look askance on such inspections—as intrusion, no less.

It is useful to realize the background of fire and casualty 'contact' men. There are upwards of two thousand inspectors (American companies call them "special agents") spotted across Canada. Practically all these men—and they are a keen crowd, by and large—came to their coveted 'field' position via years of office experience. Nearly all the country's insurance company managers were at one time inspectors.

A high proportion of today's crop of fieldmen holds certification from one or other of the recognized international insurance institutes attesting academic proficiency in the science (and it is a science) of insurance.

THIS CORPS of roving company emissaries has two principal functions: first, to produce new insurance accounts, mainly by developing agency connections and, second, to inspect the company's risks with a view to improving them — lessening the possibility of loss, that is. Only the last named role is now elaborated —because it is here that an insurance company inspector meets the 'consumer' on his own ground, and is all too frequently accorded something less than a tolerant reception.

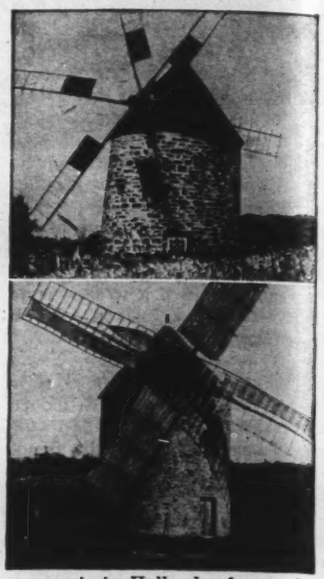
A painstaking insurance inspection of premises, from boiler room to roof space, will disclose to the trained eye defects in construction, installations, interior arrangement, loss prevention measures, housekeeping — or even mental attitude to a peril that may be present—that a proprietor's familiarity with the condition has thoroughly obscured. This applies equally to a fire and a casualty inspection.

Simple remedial steps taken to eliminate a hazard not apparent to the layman may spell the difference between a costly and nerve-racking business interruption by fire—or a ruinous lawsuit charging neglect of the public welfare — and a history unmarred by such harmful disruption.

Many a business faced with difficulties following a painful fire or liability incident—insured or otherwise—might have continued its steady progress had the recommendations of an insurance inspector been heeded.

It is true that self-interest motivates insurance companies when they seek to improve their risks. It is likewise true that elimination of hazards will rebound to the benefit of a policyholder who conscientiously acts upon suggestions.

Which Scene is in Canada?



ONE is in Holland, of course! Holland is the world's largest exporter of beer and a Dutch brewmaster (see below) was naturally included in the panel of experts who tasted, tested and approved Labatt's Pilsener Beer. Thousands of Canadians have since come to enjoy the light dry sparkle . . . mellow old world smoothness of Labatt's* Pilsener. Try it yourself. Discover how fresh and clean it leaves your palate. The lower windmill is Dutch; the top is in Quebec.

MEERMALEN BEKROOND
ZHB
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Aug. 7, 1951
...happy to state...obviously produced with utmost stability.
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NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of One dollar ($1.00) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable December 15th, 1952, to Shareholders of record November 14th, 1952.

By Order of the Board,

C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario
November 4th, 1952.

Letters to the Editor

Supply of Engineers

RE THE article by Dean K. F. Tupper in October 18 issue, engineering curriculum teaches the engineer to be independent, to come to grips with a technical problem, and follow it through to a satisfactory conclusion without the help of another. The result: engineers are bogged down in their own clerical work. The need is not for more graduate engineers but for trained technical clerks who can handle a large percentage of the engineer's work, and simultaneously there is a need for a course in the senior engineering year to train graduates to direct such technical personnel effectively. There is a great shortage of this intermediate class of scientific worker. Men with senior matriculation and two additional years of technical education would be suitable. Potential engineers who have completed one, two or three years of a university engineering course, but have failed to graduate, and others such as experienced draftsmen, etc., will fill the bill with added training on the job.

Directing others, initiating work, and with added responsibilities, a graduate engineer would then be applying his real worth, both in his own estimate and in that of his employer. His income could then be raised to befit his profession and responsibility.

Under present conditions, therefore, engineers *seem* in short supply, but would not be, if effectively used.

Very truly yours,

Peterborough, Ont. G. J. ROBINSON

Sex Crimes

I SHARE with Dean W. C. J. Meredith, QC, his feelings of distaste and anger for sexual abnormalities and crimes. But I am sorry to see these feelings lead him to disregard at least one legal principle and one fact, in his article proposing methods for combatting sex crime.

Dean Meredith approves of the provision of the Criminal Code under which certain sex offenders, although their penal sentences may be only a few years, can be confined indefinitely in a penitentiary. He wants to extend this possibility, depending on psychological examination, to those convicted of any sex crime, however short the sentences of imprisonment with which the offenses they have actually committed are punishable.

Preventive detention might be one thing, but imprisonment in a penitentiary is quite another. Imprisonment is contrived to be punitive as well as preventive, and it subjects a prisoner, under prison discipline, to further and severer punishment for misconduct which in the outside world would have brought him no legal penalty. This treatment can be considered appropriate for persons who are serving a term awarded in proportion to the gravity of their offenses. But it is completely unjust for persons who have completed their punishments, and yet are subject to it indefinitely because their crimes are nastier than those of, say, simple violence, and more clearly psychologically conditioned.

Dean Meredith also neglects the fact that sterilization does not affect sexual impulses. He implicitly suggests sterilization as an alternative to life imprisonment. Even castration does not immediately or in all cases eliminate the impulses that can lead to sex crime.

Montreal, Que. A. F. R. BROWN.

Wheat Crop & High Dollar

YOUR lead articles in recent weeks have underlined two facts, that Canada's 1952 wheat crop is the largest on record and that the value of the Canadian dollar in foreign markets is very high—too high says B. K. Sandwell. These two facts may not be unrelated.

Canada's 1952 wheat crop is about 270 million bushels higher than the 1941 to 1950 average. If this additional wheat were sold for $1.80 per bushel it would yield $486 million. In other words, this exceptionally large wheat crop means an increase in the world demand for Canadian products of some $486 million. This amounts to almost 10 per cent of our

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total exports of goods and services in 1951. With such a substantial increase in the demand for Canadian products and for Canadian dollars to pay for them, it is not surprising to find that the value of the Canadian dollar has been rising on world markets.

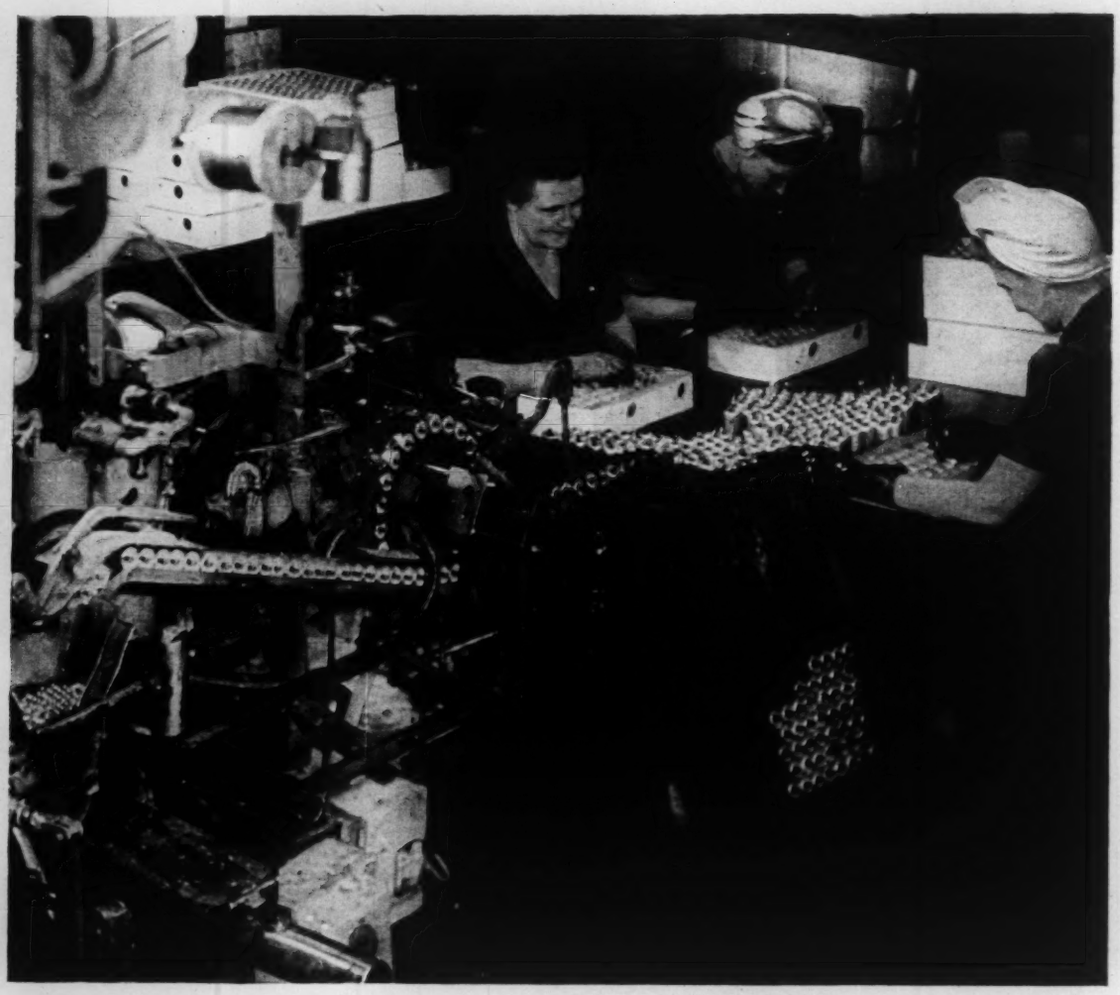
As Mr. Sandwell has pointed out, with the price of Canadian wheat set under the International Wheat Agreement in terms of United States dollars, this rise in the value of the Canadian dollars will reduce the price received by Prairie farmers.

Without agreeing with Mr. Sandwell's suggestion for Government intervention to keep the Canadian dollar from rising, I would like to suggest a step which would have just that effect. If the Dominion Government were to increase both the amount of its contribution to NATO and the scale of its aid to underdeveloped countries by a substantial amount, say $300 to $400 million, it would help prevent the rise in the value of the Canadian dollar and hence the fall in export prices in general and the fall in wheat prices to the Canadian farmer in particular. At the same time it might facilitate the sale of our large wheat crop.

Such a loan or gift is highly desirable from the international point of view. The fact that it would give some assistance to exporters might make it more acceptable politically in a pre-election year.

A word about Mr. Sandwell's proposal for Government interference to keep down the value of the Canadian dollar, a proposal he justifies on the ground that a rise in the value of our dollar hurts export industries and these are the bulwark of our economy. I think we should be perfectly clear that the hurt suffered by export industries through the rise in the Canadian dollar is offset nationally by an equivalent gain on the part of consumers of imports. The argument is for Government intervention to benefit one group in society at the expense of another, a not unfamiliar aspect of Government operations in recent years. But in this case what is your criteria for Government intervention? Is any rise in the value of our dollar undesirable because it hurts export industries? And any fall in its value desirable because it benefits the exporter? Or is it just a rise above par that is undesirable? Or perhaps just a rise caused by capital imports? Mr. Sandwell offers very little practical guidance as to when the Government intervention he proposes should take place.

CLARENCE L. BARBER,
Associate Professor,
Department of Political Economy,
University of Manitoba.
Winnipeg, Man.



Where does SHAWINIGAN come into batteries?

Consumers everywhere know the wisdom of buying branded products. Brand names represent quality and performance resulting in peace of mind in purchase.

The manufacturer of Dry Cell Batteries, too, has come to realize the importance of the name behind his name—the *Trade Mark* which indicates the nature and worth of those raw materials which go into the making of his particular commodity. And that's where 'Shawinigan' Acetylene Black comes in.

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'Shawinigan' Acetylene Black is used to a great extent in the Dry Cell Battery Industry, where its high absorption and electrical conductivity plus the high purity (always over 99.5% carbon) of this product make it the premier filler for cells of highest quality.
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Blondes & Brain Teaser

LUCY VAN GOGH in her column about "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", recently performed here and in Toronto, expressed the opinion that the show had been an "utter failure" in contrasting the personalities of Lorelei Lee and her girl friend Dorothy Shaw.

Now, there are many little criticisms about this musical comedy which might be justified. But the more we think of it, and discuss it with our friends, the more we cannot understand Miss Van Gogh's remark. We find it impossible to imagine how the boisterous, back-slapping, wisecracking Dorothy could possibly have been more contrasted with the affected, vague, and diamond-loving Lorelei, with her purposeful innocence and elegance. Any further attempt at contrast would surely have been a farce!

May we say how greatly we enjoy the weekly Brain-Teaser. It is vastly amusing and stimulating. Once you are an addict of these puzzles, I defy you to resist buying your SATURDAY NIGHT.

Hamilton, Ont. REX AND JILL LORING

NB Election Post-Mortem

YOUR lead editorial of October 4 issue is characteristic of the too frequent indifference to and disregard for the accuracy concerning places and events in the Maritimes, that might be expected of a publication of lesser prestige. For a journal of the intellectual standing of SATURDAY NIGHT to misinterpret the New Brunswick election results and allot the cause to a class struggle rather that to the unpopularity of a principle for which a public servant was willing to sacrifice his political life, is a disappointment to this reader.

Saint John, NB C. MCN. STEEVES

Economic Partnership?

THERE is more than a suggestion in the article about aid to Britain in a recent issue that U.S. and Canada should put a stop to being a "sugar-daddy" and helping the "genteel bum". This line of thinking fosters anti-American and anti-Canadian thinking . . . Since 1950, when Britain declined any more Marshall Aid, Britain has wanted the right to trade with dollar areas without their tariff barriers. Britain wants trade, not aid!

Britain has had good reason for emphasizing defence in her planning, even to the neglect of trade or balancing her budgets. Leaders in Canada and the U.S. both know, even if Mr. Walsh doesn't, why Britain has been emphasizing defence. The defence is not simply the defence of Britain but of the whole of western civilization.

The recent Trade Union Conference in UK passed the following resolution: "We must increase our defence to the limit of our economic resources." There was no mention of dollar exports.

Stalin is hoping for a split between the Anglo-American countries. It behooves them to press for a genuine economic and political partnership between Western Europe and the U.S.

Halifax, NS. R. W. DRUMMOND

Meaning of Marshall Aid

I THINK that the article by A. W. Walsh on "How much more aid to Britain?" was too full of hearsay items to be taken seriously. The notion that *The London Economist* read "Canada out of the Commonwealth and Empire" in 1945 is based on a single remote article. In the reference to the "billions" that Canada and the U.S. have poured into Britain and the Sterling Area, no figures are given for Canadian aid for the obvious reason that it has been a very small amount compared with that distributed by the U.S.

Up to 1947 the strain on British and French economies, as those countries were separately rehabilitating their zones of Occupied Germany, was such that much more was needed to stop Western Europe from going Communist. It was because of this that the Marshall Plan was inaugurated. The U.S. gave the dollars and administered them. Mr. Walsh wrongly identifies Canada with the U.S.A. Foreign Aid program. Marshall Aid did provide dollar goods and as a loan (interest is being paid) while Britain has loaned to sterling countries more money than she has received from Marshall Aid . . .

Toronto, Ont. G. W. HETHERINGTON

NEW B-A DIRECTOR

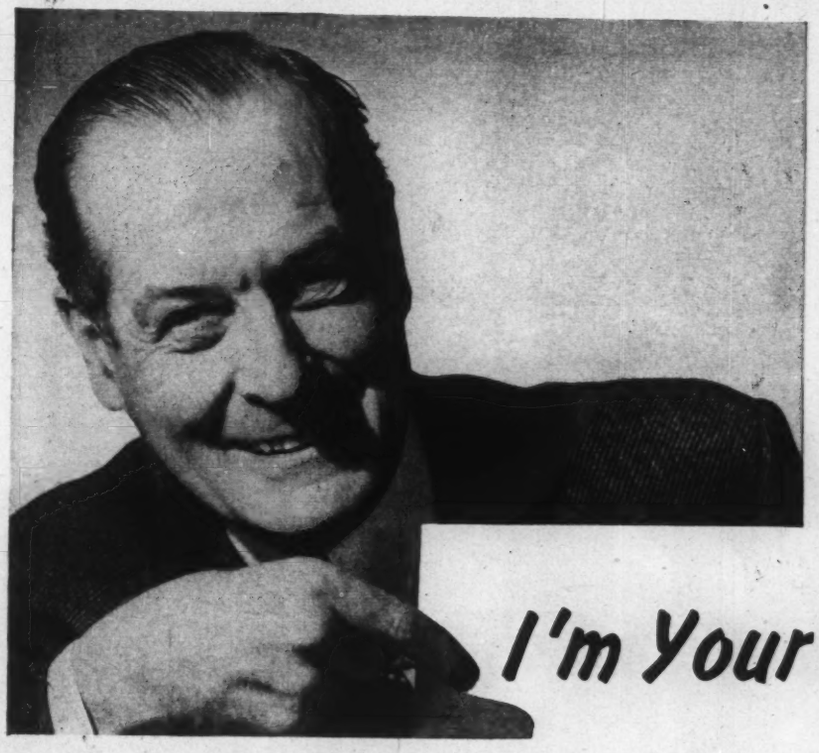
J. A. FULLER

The appointment of Mr. John A. Fuller to its board of directors has been announced by The British American Oil Company Limited. Mr. Fuller is president of The Shawinigan Water and Power Company.

Mr. Fuller is also president of Quebec Power Company and St. Maurice Power Corporation. He is a vice-president and director of Shawinigan Chemicals Limited and of Canadian Resins and Chemicals Limited, and a director of Montreal Trust Company and Rolls Royce of Canada Limited.

Mr. Fuller is a member of the executive council, Canadian Manufacturers Association, and of the board of governors, McGill University.

■ Nova Scotian Peter Donat is on tour with "Jane" starring Edna Best; recently appeared in Montreal and Toronto. Peter started out with medicine in mind at Acadia University, went into dramatics in his third year and ended up at the School of the Drama, Yale University. Summer of 1950 he toured with the Nova Scotian Players; last year worked with the famous Margo Jones Theatre in the Round at Dallas Texas. He's a nephew of actor Robert Donat.



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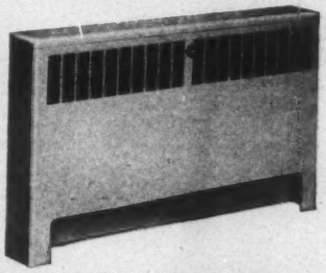
As your heating contractor, that's why I like to install hot water heating with Trane *Code-rated Convector-radiators. Then, there's no doubt about the heating—it fits your house.



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Streamlined cabinets as illustrated—also available in recessed types for concealed heating and "picture-window" styles for modern home construction. Write to Trane address below for attractive catalogue showing room interiors in full natural colour and details to help you plan your new home.

Trane *Code-rated Convector-radiators are built to deliver exact amounts of heat according to published ratings and these ratings are approved by an international authority. Furthermore, I've been installing Trane Convector-radiators for years and I know they're thoroughly dependable—*they live up to expectations!* That's why I say to you, "Specify Trane *Code-rated Convector-radiators"—I'll make sure you get Trane *Code-rated Convector-radiators properly installed for your happy heating satisfaction.

***Code-rated:** "The ratings of these convectors have been determined in conformance with Commercial Standard CS140-47, as developed cooperatively by the trade and the National Bureau of Standards, U.S. Department of Commerce, and the said ratings have been approved by the Convector Rating Committee." Trane is the first Canadian manufacturer to get this approval.

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FILMS

Plots that Wind

by Mary Lowrey Ross

HOLLYWOOD will soon be celebrating its fiftieth anniversary; and in the past half-century it has used up an exorbitant number of plots. In fact it has probably used up all the plots there are, along with most of the existing variations. About the only thing left to do then is to take one of the old lines and try to devise new half-hitches and granny knots for variety. Or it can take two lines and develop them in a new configuration with the inevitable lover's knot to tie every thing up agreeably at the end.

This is what has happened in "Washington Story." It takes the plot-lines of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington", and splices them together in a story, which, though slightly handled, is a good deal neater and brighter than might be expected. The Congressman in this case is Van Johnson, who has come to Washington filled with zeal to do the very best possible for his New England constituents. The contriving newspaperwoman who sets out to undo him is Patricia Neal. She has come to the Capitol to do a little profitable muckraking, though her story to her victim is that she is there to reveal the silver lining in American politics.

Congressman Johnson falls for this at once, though one look at Miss Neal's hats and necklines should have told him that his new biographer is no more interested in the purer aspects of American politics than in the story of the Three Bears. However, our Congressman is as innocent as Goldilocks herself and in no time he is deep in love and deeper still in dangerous politics involving a mysterious Shipbuilding Dispersal Bill. Any experienced movie-goer can take it from there.

This routine procedure is enlivened by a number of pleasant performances. Van Johnson, though he is certainly no sensible person's notion of a New England Congressman, is a likable enough figure, and Patricia Neal is so goodlooking and wears such beautiful hats that one can forgive the occasional flatness in her voice and acting style. I particularly enjoyed Louis Calhern's impersonation of various statesmen in front of the television camera. But as I am a person who can be impressed by good birdcall imitations this preference may be taken as a personal one.

"MANDY", a British film, suffers badly from plot complications too. But the central situation, which involves a little deaf-mute girl, is handled with such skill and gentleness that the foolish behavior of the adults in the background hardly matters.

It might have been better perhaps if "Mandy" had been told in straight documentary terms; *e.g.* as it was in "The Quiet One", an earlier screen description of a lost and desperate child. Fortunately the story of Mandy

herself is told so dramatically, and at the same time so soberly and honestly that the fictional embellishments can't distract from it or cheapen it.

Mandy's parents discover early that their child is stone-deaf, and until she is six years old she is the victim of home training and loving parental solicitude. By that time she is as frantic as a caged little animal. When family tension becomes unbearable the mother (Phyllis Calvert) takes Mandy away from the father and mother-in-law (the real granny-knot in the plot-line) and puts her in a special school for deaf and dumb children.

There are no immediate miracles, for this is an intensely serious and conscientious study in childhood affliction. Its most dramatic moment, which is actually one of the most dramatic moments shown on the screen in weeks, comes when Mandy, after a fury of effort and frustration learns to pronounce a single letter of the alphabet. As a study in the slow liberation of a tormented human spirit "Mandy" is a beautiful thing to watch. Mandy is played by seven-year-old Mandy Miller, a heartbreaking child with a quivering, beestung lower lip. Naturally it is no handicap to Mandy, when you consider the dreadful dialogue usually assigned to seven-year-old screen stars, that she doesn't utter a word until the very last moment of the picture.

THE PLOT of "Because You're Mine" has been entirely constructed to accommodate the talents of Tenor Mario Lanza. This means that Singer Lanza plays the role of an opera singer drafted into the army and more or less adopted by a tough top sergeant (James Whitmore) whose pretty sister (Doretta Morrow) has vocal ambitions.

This allows Mr. Lanza to sing for the sergeant, for the pretty sister, for the general's wife, for the army, for visiting brass from the United Nations, and for an unmusical senior officer who as a one-man captive audience is nearly driven crazy by all the vocalism. Lanza also sings with Doretta Morrow, who comes off creditably in duet.

It took four script-writers to think up the story involving all this concert-work, and it is hard to imagine how they managed to put in their time.

■ The Actors Company, Toronto, plans on a production of an original play by member Leo Orenstein. Another member, E. M. Margolese (best Dominion Festival actor last year) seems to have turned professional; spent the summer with "Melody Fair", Toronto's musicals-in-a-tent, and has been appearing on TV.

There's news about another Dominion best actor, Bill Atkinson, (1949). The Income Tax department has returned him as a bonus to Toronto. For the last few years he's been on the Ottawa Income staff and playing with the Ottawa Little Theatre.

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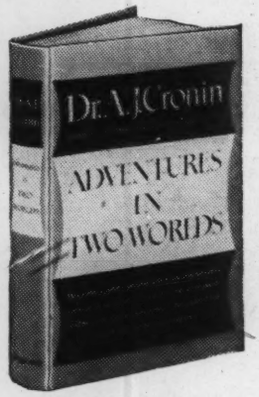

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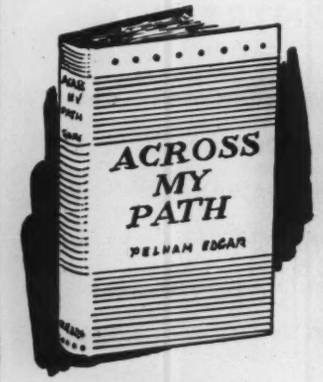

ACROSS MY PATH

By Pelham Edgar, late of Victoria College, University of Toronto. Edited by Northrop Frye. A fascinating autobiography with much material on Canadian writers. $4.00.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Rolling With Some Purpose

MY ISLAND HOME—by James Norman Hall—*McClelland & Stewart—$4.75.*

by J. L. Charlesworth

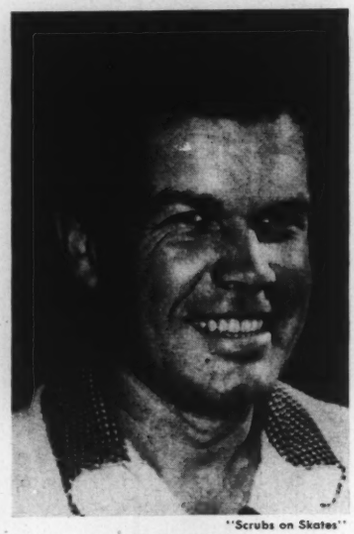
THE LATE James Norman Hall was a rolling stone, but the thousands of enthusiastic readers who have enjoyed the "Bounty" trilogy and the other books he wrote in collaboration with his friend, Charles Nordhoff, will agree that he rolled to some purpose. This book, his autobiography, brings the story of his life up to within a few months of his death last year. The story of his last days is completed in an epilogue by his old friend and literary adviser, Edward Weeks.

Hall was born in a small Iowa town, about as far distant from any large body of water as one could be in the United States. Yet, from his early childhood, he seems to have had a passion for the sea and a desire for travel, only partially assuaged by stolen midnight rides on freight trains. He also made up his mind at an early age that he was going to be a writer, preferably a poet.

Born before the days when "security" became the watchword of people and politicians, Hall turned down the chance of a safe career as a small-town business man, in favor of the more chancy life of travel and adventure. After his graduation from a small Iowa college, he worked for a time as an investigator for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, acquiring an insight into some aspects of Boston life that are usually ignored by writers of that city. His adventures make amusing copy at this distance in time, but must have been something of a shock to a green youth from the middle West.

In England on a cycling tour during the summer of 1914, Hall grasped his first chance for really romantic adventure and enlisted in Kitchener's Army, 9th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers. After some months of service in France he was honorably discharged because he was an American citizen, but after a holiday at home he re-enlisted in the Lafayette Escadrille, in which he served with distinction both while it was part of the French Forces and after the pilots had joined the U.S. Air Force when the States came into the War. With characteristic modesty, Hall does not mention the fact that he earned several decorations. The importance of the war to him lay first in the satisfaction it gave to his craving for adventure, and secondly, in its leading to his meeting with Nordhoff, when they were jointly commissioned to write the history of their unit.

The two men were of opposite temperaments, Hall the romantic, impressionistic artist, Nordhoff the realist. Together, they made an almost perfect team, and now that both are gone, it is improbable that another such pair of collaborators will soon be found to write as authoritatively and as well of the South Seas where they lived and worked and are mourned by friends of all the races who make their homes in the Islands.



"Scrubs on Skates"
SCOTT YOUNG

All the Answers

COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE — by Amy Vanderbilt—*Doubleday—$5.57.*

by Rica Farquharson

TO THE BIBLE, dictionary, Shakespeare and cook book might be added Amy Vanderbilt's "Complete Book of Etiquette"—in event of landing on that mythical but dreary Island where it is necessary to choose just one small shelf of books to last the rest of life.

Here, surely, is the guide to being popular, beautiful, entertaining and entertained; to get married, stay married, get out of being married; bring up children; sing the National Anthem; be able to call on the King, have an audience with the Pope or newcomer to America; how to arrive, perfectly pancaked, for Television; how to bury the dead; give formal dinners; behave in car or taxi, drink delicately. This book on etiquette, among many more things, also advises on how to stay-at-home, surely most prodigious feat of all today—and do things, graciously, with poise.

Amy Vanderbilt was born in New York, descended from the first of the Vanderbilts to settle in America—on a farm near Flatbush, Long Island. She is a writer, an etiquette adviser, in business, and a wife and mother. Naturally, she is splendidly mannered in all these departments of a well-organized life.

Customs change through the years but many traditional niceties, in a democratic world, continue with surface differences. Mrs. Vanderbilt understands this and writes clearly, in detail:

"For a formal wedding in which the bride wears a bridal gown the groom must wear formal clothes—daytime or evening clothes—depending on the hour of the ceremony. If wedding is in the morning or afternoon up to 7 p.m.—the groom wears a cutaway with gray striped trousers, gray vest (in summer natural or white linen with spats and gloves to match), a wing collar with ascot or cravat in black and white. He wears black shoes with black soles (soles are blackened by the shoemaker so they will not be noticeable when the groom kneels)."

We should like to suggest, for a future edition, that the bridegroom can be given a note of warning about choosing his shoemaker: be sure he knows his blackening. If the groom stepped on the bridal train, unpleasant results could—politely—come.

Part about "The Agreeable Wife" we like although it is daring to suggest it's a good idea, before marriage, for two people in love to discuss, good humoredly, all the possible things they would dislike in this close living-together. The idea appears preposterous and impossible. We agree a wife should make herself an attractive roommate, not a banshee with head wrapped in wire and head rags; face greased, chin-up—tied up—oiled mittens. Apparently, men don't leave women like that in the morning and we cannot understand why.

For Rough Edges

SCRUBS ON SKATES — by Scott Young — *McClelland & Stewart—$2.50.*

by John Paul

A GOOD hockey story for Canadian lads of high school age has long been needed. It remained for Canadian writer Scott Young to produce it. He knows how Canadian hockey can develop some of sport's most exciting moments and he can also plot and recount a good yarn.

First, "Scrubs on Skates" has a varied selection of game descriptions —some with diagrams — that are samples of careful hockey reporting. Second, the sports career problem of the young hero Peter Gordon is handled with a specially warm feeling for youth. Peter has been a star lineman on his Winnipeg high school team. When school boundaries are revised, he becomes a student at a new high school—without traditions, without a hockey team to speak of. Peter finds himself the reluctant star player among a bunch of scrubs.

The rebirth of a proper attitude in the lad, the development of a new appreciation of team play, and the sportsmanlike understanding he acquires for a foreign-born lad, make this yarn one of the best boy's books for a long time.

To Sara Randall love came many times but happiness never.

MINE OWN CONTENT

by Margerie Scott

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A tender story of a woman's heart, told with compassion by a newcomer to the Canadian scene.

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For Hard Knocks

FITNESS AND INJURY IN SPORT — by S. S. Knight—*Ryerson*—$3.50.

by Hal Tracey

ANY ATHLETE could benefit by reading what this British doctor has to say about injuries and exercises in sport, although it is obviously intended primarily as a handbook for trainers. It is couched in simple language, designed to give these and their charges the smattering of medical knowledge that they must have in terms that they can easily understand.

Based on years of solid experience in sport, Dr. Knight's book describes the operation of the various bodily functions called into play in several types of sport, and the exercises best designed in his opinion to help the athlete in the particular sport in which he is engaged.

Explicit diagrams and photographs detail the action of each muscle, and the athlete and trainer are given various hints about physical condition, mental attitude, diet, proper rubbing methods, and other techniques that could only come from one who has continued years of experience to his credit.

The book contains a foreword and introduction by a prominent English cricket player and a member of the Football Association, who reiterate its theme, the importance of keeping fit and of knowing enough about physical injuries to keep from unwittingly doing further harm to a player who has met with an accident.

Whose, What War?

GIVE US THIS DAY—by Richard V. Grace—*Longmans, Green*—$3.25.

by John Yocom

AN AMERICAN air force officer on a mission takes his squadron out of the bomber stream and goes off on a target of his own. Result: with the main force unprotected on a flank, a score and a half bombers are shot down and their crews killed.

The hero is courtmartialed, sentenced to be hanged on VE day. But his friends finally run down the ground commander he had peeled off to help. They make a dash on foot, by taxi, airplane and finally parachute right into the execution yard to save him from the gallows.

This is the most improbable war story we have ever read of any war. But for all its gross incredibility, there is something even more incredible: that the author himself, a flying major of World Wars I and II, ever had the audacity to prepare such crude hokum.

How To Mingle

THE YOUNGER ONES — by John Jordan — *Pageant Press, New York*—$3.00.

by Lucy Van Gogh

THIS is a story which in more experienced hands might have made one of the best novels that Canada has had on the subject of the failure of the two races of the nation to understand each other's point of view.

Its author is stated to have been brought up in a French atmosphere in Three Rivers until he was eleven, and to have learned to regard his fellow-Canadians of the English language as worthy sharers of the Canadian heritage only after some years of mixing with them in business and in the Canadian Navy. His concern for Canadian unity cannot be too highly commended, but his lack of practice in the technique of the novel has led him into the use of melodramatic material which is inadequately moulded to the psychological requirements, and the book degenerates at the end into an ordinary course-of-true-love-never-did-run-smooth piece of sentimentality. One wonders also what subconscious mental process led him to make the heroine a native of England rather than of Ontario.

The scene is laid in a small manufacturing town in Quebec, and readers unfamiliar with that province will be surprised at the ease and pleasantness of the superficial relations between the two races, in such things as the golf club and municipal politics where mixing is inevitable and commits one to little, combined with the sharp cleavage when serious issues arise. Mr. Jordan evidently relies upon intermarriage as the chief remedial influence—and he is probably right.

Cheerful Outlook

THE AUTOGRAPH OF GOD—by Archer Wallace—*Ryerson*—$2.00.

by Bernard Keble

DR. WALLACE, whose sixteen previous books of "inspiration and help" must place him well up among the Canadian authors who have large followings in the United States, has a genius for the illustrative anecdote, which as all writers know is the most effective way of getting people to believe something if it is what they want to believe anynow.

There is, however, another factor in Dr. Wallace's popularity. It is the broad and healthy tolerance and

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cheerfulness of his attitude towards life. He himself has the faith that moves mountains, and having it he can help other people to have it also. He has a happy knack of translating the "cant" of older religious expressions into the jargon (which in time will become cant) of our own time.

He knows that our "moral deterioration" is merely the "backsliding" of our ancestors, and that both terms mean no more and no less than a turning away from God.

Writers & Writing

THE YEAR'S most expensive book is off the London press. SIR JOHN WILSON, author and keeper of the Queen's stamps, gave us a sort of verbal pre-view of his book when he visited Toronto during the get-together of international stamp collectors.

This "Royal Philatelic Collection", de luxe volume—for collectors and other specialists—sells for $175. Binding is red Niger morocco. The Royal Coat of Arms magnificently stamps its cover for the late George VI, an ardent collector who inherited the taste and a collection from his father, had given his approval.

■ Some rugged language in E. J. PRATT'S "Towards the Last Spike" delights us, especially the humor (fairly rare in Canadian poets), especially, too, lines on oatmeal and Scots. It may even be difficult to seriously eat porridge when pondering on the awesome process of the mess hitting the hydrochloric acid, entering duodenum; labor of chemistry resulting in "fearsome racial products presenting for amazement of the world kilts and the civilized Fling," these men, who with others, had a dream, and endurance to burrow through rock with "creeping lines of steel" and finish building the Canadian Pacific Railway, hoop that bound Canada together.

This, we submit, is a way to teach Canadiana to our children — and it would be even more satisfactory if they learned to read aloud the narrative poem.

(Most appreciated are the rather personal lines inscribed in "our" book.)

■ This month sees appearance of Literary Guild selection "The Wonderful Country", McClelland & Stewart book by TOM LEA.

Author announces essential material of the novel has been imbedding itself in his mind since he was a boy on horseback. Its locale is border corner of southwest where Texas and New Mexico meet.

■ TAY HOHOFF of J. B. Lippincott Company, New York, was in town, recently in a Diogenes-rivalling search: looking for Canadian authors. She tells us young people are writing like mad in United States. She hopes they are in Canada. Courses in writing and creative groups are springing up all over: veterans, and others, are supporting families on bread-and-butter jobs while they burn midnight oil or crawl out of bed at five mornings to put in extra hours on making of novels. She sees a tendency away from clipped sentences into trees of writing that is not "hard-boiled".

■ ELLA BENTLEY ARTHUR, Dorothy Dix's secretary, assisted HARNETT T. KANE in writing of Doubleday book "Dear Dorothy Dix". Women turned to her for answer in situations that have baffled many. One message: "Dear Dorothy Dix, please send me your definition of a perfect lady. I must have it by this weekend."

■ Other day we were reading about the "livingness" of Dickens's characters and at risk of being considered out-dated we agree with J. COWPER POWYS in "Enjoyment of Literature": "Dostoievski and Dickens alone hold clue to the mystery of a great city, of any great city; and they achieved this by possession of a certain imaginative power that suggests, as only the most magical poetry can do, the real relation of the animate to the inanimate." (Attention MAX FREEDMAN, who finds cities as fascinating as we do).

■ You must have noticed an upsurge of interest in the short story. It is good news to hear from Oxford University Press that this month they are bringing out "Canadian Short Stories", edited by ROBERT WEAVER and HELEN JAMES, Producers in

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"Talks and Public Affairs Department CBC". Twenty-four stories have been selected as best work received by CBC for program "Canadian Short Stories" between summers 1946-1951.

There are two stories by HUGH GARNER which have been included in "The Yellow Sweater and Other Stories", recently published by Collins.

■ Toronto Branch Canadian Authors' Association is already working on big National convention to be held in Toronto, according to ISABEL LE BOURDAIS.

Isabel is one of the most indefatigable people we know and if she says authors are going places we are sure they will. Isabel's husband is, D. M. LE BOURDAIS, author "Canada's Century". His latest book "Why Be A Sucker" is treatise on how not to lose your money by unwise investments in the northern wealth he has so vividly brought to our attention in "Century". We think he is working on another book for everytime we see his wife she says:
"Don's up in Sudbury" and whatever he is up there for can't take all that time. It *must* be a book. If it is, remember our predictions. *Rica*

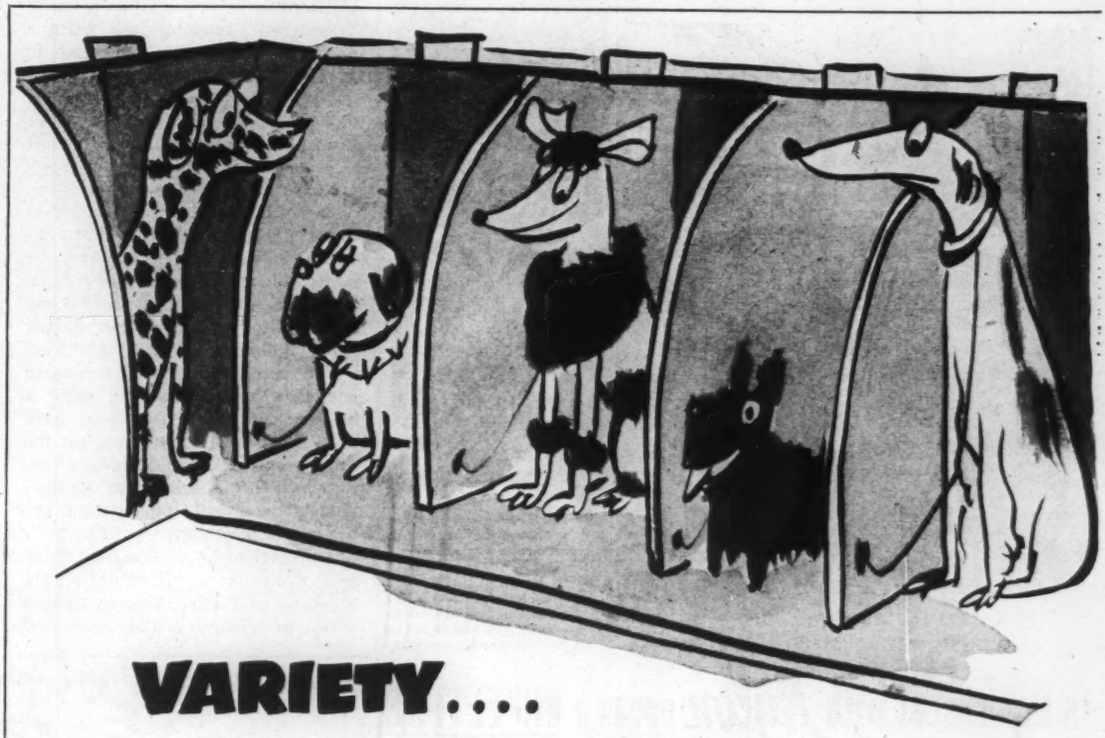
BALLET THEATRE

New Art Form

by Lucy Van Gogh

BALLET in becoming American is certainly becoming more athletic. We of North America have the best diet in the world and lots of time for exercise, and our dancing certainly shows the results. We can do the airy evanescent floating business of the classical ballet all right, but we don't create in that medium; we create in the violent, the acrobatic, the angular, even the pugnacious. No European could have created Agnes DeMille's "The Harvest According" and "Fall River Legend," and no European company would have been likely to redesign "Graduation Ball" with such emphasis on the acrobatic prowess of youth. The result is an immense vitality and a certain juvenility which are in odd contrast with the mature reposefulness of the classic ballet as developed in Paris and St. Petersburg.

Ballet Theatre, now in its fourteenth season, is the supreme expression of this new American art form, and at times the balletomanes of Toronto assembled at the Royal Alexandra this month did not seem quite sure what to make of it, though they cheered up whenever they saw one of those showy jump-and-twiddle tricks which are the stock-in-trade of the less imaginative dancers and choreographers. To do Ballet Theatre justice there was not too much of this sort of thing in most of their programs. The high technical accomplishment of all the performers, the youth and charm of the dancers, the abundance of novelties in the list, are worthy of all praise. The orchestra is the most strident that we have ever heard with a first-class ballet company, and we fancy it is just as well that Virgil Thomson, who was lecturing in Toronto the previous week, did not stay to hear his own music.



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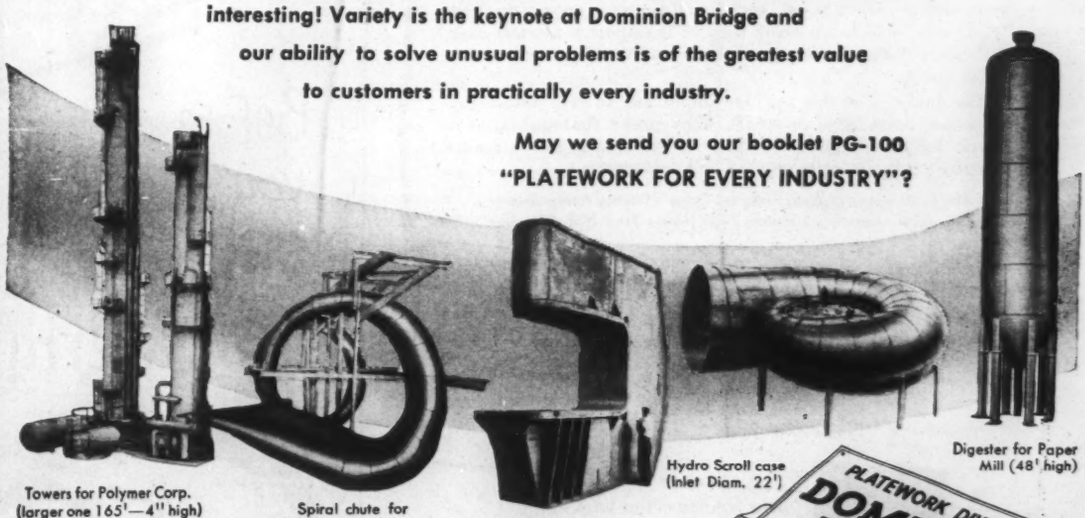

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COLUMBIA has performed a valuable service in transferring to LP records the justly famed Weingartner recordings of the nine Beethoven symphonies and the four of Brahms. Two samples:

The powerful, brooding "Eroica", with the Vienna Philharmonic, gets a treatment rich in insight, and performed with a full grasp of the deep spiritual overtones that abound in Beethoven's dramatic depiction of man torn by strong emotions and forces, and his final triumph. *(ML-4503.)*

The Fourth gets a fresh and original treatment that explores the lighter moods of Beethoven—tenderness, affection and even playfulness, which does not make it any the less great. Here are gracefulness of expression, attractive clarity of mood and sensuous dreaming—none of them out of character for the man who knew what it was to dally in the pleasant valleys as well as stride across the mountain tops.

The recording is excellent, and the transfer has preserved most of the detail of the originals. *(4504.)*

LA BOHEME—*Puccini.* Never was it so strikingly apparent how much a top-ranking conductor can bring to a performance than in this recording of La Boheme conducted by Arturo Toscanini. The sheer, dynamic force of his leadership has lifted the principals—all top-ranking singers in their own right at the time the recording was made—until they are at the very peak of their brilliance. Jan Peerce probably never sang the role of *Rodolfo* better than he does here, and Licia Albanese sings a sparkling *Mimi*, full of verve and youth despite her fatal disease.

The performance is a fast-paced one that rushes headlong with a bounce and vitality that must have been a bit wearing at times on the singers, but Toscanini achieves a performance that is brimful of youth—thoughtless, ardent, romantic and unheeding of the future.

Ann McKnight as *Musetta*, Francesco Valentino as *Marcello*, Nicola Moscona as *Colline*, George Cehanovsky, as *Schaunard*, and the incomparable basso buffo Salvatore Baccaloni as *Benoit* and *Alcindoro* round out a superb cast, but the performance is really Toscanini's from the brief flashing introduction to the last despairing cry of Rodolfo and the magnificent closing chords.

The transfer is from tapes of transcriptions of the actual broadcast performances in 1946—50 years after Toscanini conducted the première.

Some listeners may object to Toscanini's occasional contributions in the vocal field—his voice is audible at times as emotion makes him forget his proximity to the microphone—but to most it will merely add color to a performance that is unique. Recording: excellent. *(Victor—LM 6006.)*

TWELVE ETUDES (1915)—Debussy. Students of serious piano will certainly enjoy hearing European star Monique Haas play these *tour de force* studies in pianism, *e.g.*, Five Fingers, Thirds, Chromatic Intervals. But Debussy made fascinating extensions of rather arid material and so, for the listener (not the student) of serious piano music, this set will be a fresh experience in piano structures. Debussy dedicated it to Chopin. Recording by Deutsche Gramophone in Europe: Excellent. *(Decca—DL-9599.)*

This rubber-covered nylon conveyor belt has been in continuous use in a Chatham, Ont., fertilizer plant since March 7th, 1951. It has already lasted two and a half times as long as the belts previously used and is still in serviceable condition.

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For further information, write to Nylon Merchandising Service, Canadian Industries Limited, 1135 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

RESULTS OF TEST:

	Conveyor belts previously used	Nylon test conveyor belt
Tonnage handled	20,000	47,000 (and expected to carry another 6,000)
Thickness of fabric	1/16-inch	1/32-inch

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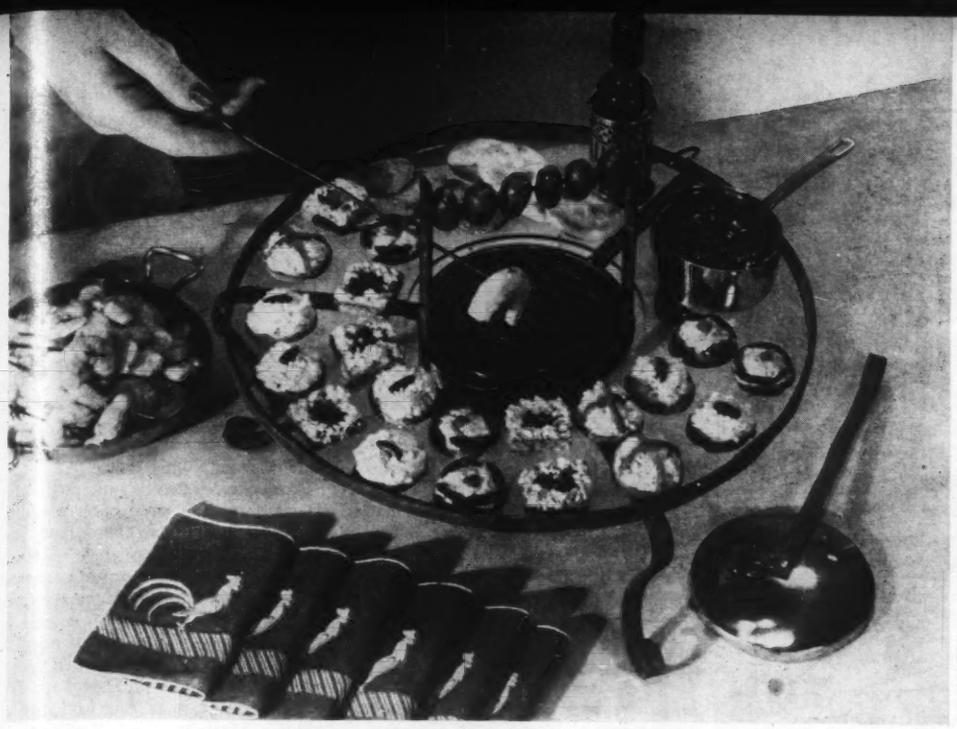


—Dorothy Ames Carter

APPETIZING ACCOMPANIMENTS to serve at a cocktail party.

WORLD OF WOMEN

THE FESTIVE TOUCH

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

FUN, FOOD AND HOSPITALITY are the chief ingredients of entertaining and certainly most of us bid welcome to our friends as often as time and budget permit. Gone the upstairs maid and the downstairs butler and where would we house them anyway? So today's chatelaine is versatile and clever—she has to be to come out on top of the totem pole. She knows never to become involved with too elaborate menus since a wilted hostess is useless. Instead, the well planned but casual and informal type of entertaining is just her dish, "help yourself" the password.

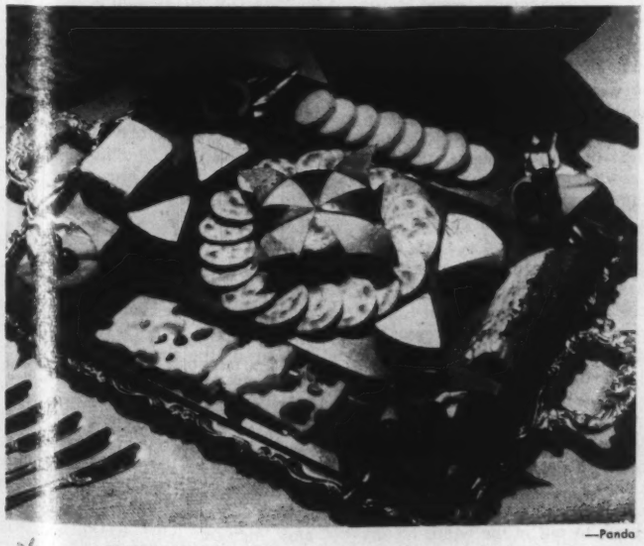
Good for many occasions and in particular right now for "tele-viewing", is the Cheese Tray with some of the many cheeses available to suit differing tastes. Pictured on this page (below) is a delectable array of six Canadian cheeses (there are 53 kinds made in Canada) plus fruit and crackers. Experts in the cheese field favor unsalted crackers for accompaniment and remind us to serve the cheeses at room temperature for full flavor. Fruit can be served chilled if you wish.

Here's how to arrange the *Cheese Tray* shown at left:

Centre the tray with an eye - catching red - coated Gouda. Cut it into eight sectors, and peel back the waxed covering on alternate wedges. Circle the "baby Edam" with a ring of crisp crackers. In each corner — for garnish and eating—put grape-clustered pear halves on shiny leaves. Then arrange your cheese assortment according to your inclination. Used here are Camembert triangles, thick slices of nut-sweet Swiss (Emmanthaler), a block of white Cream, a wedge of Blue-veined, and Processed "pennies". A basket of fruit and extra crackers and you're set for good eating.

For occasions which demand festive items such as canapes, hors d'oeuvres and their kinfolk the hostess is always looking for something which doesn't require hours of preparation. A dunking sauce is the answer, a sauce so good that even the laziest guest will stir around to fix a zesty snack. Pictured above is an attractive table barbecue with canapes, dunking sauce, shrimp and cocktail sausage — this can just as easily be served on a pretty tray.

Here's the recipe for



—Pando

CHEESE TRAY offers a type to suit every taste.

Dunking Sauce

1 cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
1 tablespoon horseradish
3 tablespoons minced celery

Mix all ingredients. Use cold as a sauce for dunking shrimp, or sauce may be heated. Enough for 1 pound of shrimp.

This is a recipe for a good bitey canape spread:

Clam Canapes

1 8 oz. can minced clams
1 4 oz. package cream cheese
½ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
Crackers or toast rounds

Drain clams; add to cream cheese with Tabasco and mix until blended. Serve in small bowl surrounded by crackers or toast rounds and allow guests to spread their own canapes. Canapes may be made if desired just before serving and garnished with bits of pimiento, sliced stuffed or ripe olive. Yield: Spread for 2 dozen canapes.

A BUFFET SUPPER can mean elegant dishes of chicken galantine, tongue in aspic and colorful glazed hams with all the attendant trimmings. It also can be an affair planned by a career hostess to be served before or after canasta. The food in this case has to be prepared ahead of time, be quick, easy to serve and attractive to look at. Thin bread and butter sandwiches could accompany sliced smoked pork tenderloin and individual jellied Waldorf salads. Sweets or dessert can be added to the menu depending upon the occasion and time served.

Jellied Waldorf Salad

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup hot water
1/3 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk vinegar or lemon juice
½ cup diced celery
2 cups diced unpeeled tart apples
¼ cup chopped pecans or walnuts

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in hot water. Stir in sugar, salt and vinegar. Chill until consistency of unbeaten egg white. Fold in celery, apples and nutmeats. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens and serve with mayonnaise salad dressing. Garnish with small unpeeled apple slice. Yield: 6 servings.

NOTES

SPEAKING OF BOOKS, HOSPITALS

by Bernice Coffey

SMALL TYPES in the Eastern Ontario region are soon to have an ultra-modern hospital of their own. When completed the new five-storey Kingston Children's Hospital, now being built at a cost of more than half a million dollars, will contain 81 beds. It is attached to the Kingston General Hospital.

Each floor is being designed and staffed for a particular age group. Children up to two years will be cared for on the first floor where the rooms have glass walls. This permits the nurse to get a good view of the floor area from the nurse's station in the corridor. Hospital facilities will include the most advanced equipment available for treatment of sick children.

The Children's Hospital Committee, headed by Dr. John T. Tweddell, is working to raise the balance of the money ($369,000) needed for the project in annual public subscription campaigns. Opening of the 1952 drive for funds has just been announced.

TWO NEW BOOKS discovered at the house of our week-end hostess (need we add that only a woman who is herself exceptionally talented in the department of culinary affairs would dare leave such books lying about?):

"Paris Is a Nice Dish", a fine and entertaining melange of gossip, travel notes, history and recipes pertaining to restaurants, famous and obscure, in Paris. Osborne Putnam Stearns, who is billed as "radio's food magician", sets to his task with considerable verve and the results are as entertaining as they are informative.

One of the interesting sidelights is an explanation that accounts for the fine tradition and long history of so many Paris restaurants. According to the author when many of the French nobility were financially ruined by, or lost their heads during, the French Revolution, their chefs utilizing the only skill they knew, opened restaurants or worked in restaurants already in operation.

Mr. Stearns tosses in entertaining historical background facts of which those concerning the Baba are typical, *i.e.*, that it is probably of Oriental origin, was introduced into France by Stanislaus, Poland's first king. Originally made of brioche paste with which were mingled currants, raisins, Madeira, and potted cream, it is now a rich cake raised with yeast and baked in a border mold. A rum- or brandy-flavored syrup containing fruit is poured over it. According to Mr. Stearns the Baba is made and served in Paris each year in staggering numbers. Readers who would care to essay the rich dessert will find the recipe here.

A book to put in the hands of anyone who is going to visit Paris, has visited Paris, or hopes to do so some time. (Saunders, $4.00).

"When the Cook's Away", with foreword by Moss Hart, is billed as a book of "wonderfully simple recipes for sophisticated entertaining" and that is exactly what it is.

We always have wondered what special brand of persuasion was used by those individuals who have succeeded in extracting their jealously guarded recipes from proud cooks and chefs. Apparently Peggy Harvey has had a great deal of success in this direction, for she credits many of the recipes in her book to well-known chefs, professional and amateur. Perhaps the clue is in fair exchange of ideas. Mention, for instance, is made that the recipe for mushrooms in cream and brandy was given at his request to the owner of the Chicago restaurants, the Pump Room and the Buttery, where it now has a permanent place on the menu.

The mushroom recipe serves as an excellent example of the author's claim re simplicity with sophistication. Here are her directions:

In an iron skillet, brown 8 shallots or green onions, chopped in ½ pound of butter.

Add 2 pounds of large mushroom caps, wiped clean but not peeled. Simmer 7 minutes.

Add 1 wine glass of sherry, 2 ounces of brandy and a cup of heavy cream. Cook for 30 minutes. Serves Four.

A book that might very well be considered come Christmas as a gift for the gourmet on your list. (Saunders, $4.00).

THE OTHER EVENING we saw a sheaf of architect's drawing and blueprints which represent the long-time dream and plans of Kate Aitken for a place where women may go for a week-end to re-charge themselves mentally and physically. The luxurious Kate Aitken Spa, which will receive its first guests next September 15, is near Erindale, Ontario. An old block house now on the property is being converted into twelve treatment rooms. Another building will be transformed into a huge living room with an all-glass front giving a view of trees and hills.

Each of the treatment rooms is to have its distinctive color scheme. The Deichmann's, New Brunswick's famous potters, designed the breakfast sets, each in a color to match the scheme of the treatment room where it will be used. And samples of the pottery have gone off to the Murray Bay people who will make blankets in colors to match the breakfast sets.

Guests can either relax and rest (meals will be served in bed), or reduce according to Mrs. Aitken's diet and method with which she says

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

LE CORBUSIER

RADIANT CITY

by Nora Beloff

TO THE UNTUTORED layman, the name of Le Corbusier will probably suggest houses on legs, reinforced concrete and pastel pinks, all prominent features in his world-famous buildings.

But what this great modern architect is proposing and testing in his controversial "building unit" opened recently at Marseilles is something far more important than innovations in style, materials or color. The idea is to reconcile the human being and the machine-age by rearranging human life and by making more sensible use of the machine.

His "Radiant City" at Marseilles is, of course, defiantly modern in structure and design. But it is as a challenge to the French middle-class and individualist habits and tradition rather than as an aesthetic novelty, that it has provoked such wild and furious controversy.

THE UNIT is—in Le Corbusier's own words—"a vertical garden city", a garden city that spreads upwards instead of outwards. It contains 337 two-storey flats, surrounded by gardens and parks. The idea is to do away with the "tentacular suburb" which wastes so much space and, in the coming-and-going, so much time.

The residents will live as a largely self-sufficient community: the skyscraper contains its own shops, laundry, schools, creches, hotel and entertainments. Le Corbusier hopes that by standardizing materials and installations and by mass-producing these necessaries off an assembly belt, the costs of dwellings could be reduced by 50 per cent. France could then at least afford to build its people homes.

The revolutionary architect derides the old-fashioned notions of "liberty" and the aspirations for separate houses behind separate walls: "Why this mania for dispersing, scattering, breaking up, disarticulating the dwelling-place sheltering one single community?"

But his contempt for "pétit bourgeois" notions of liberty does not carry him all the way to communal collectivism. On the contrary, in principle and in practice he shows profound respect for the family as the necessary unit for human happiness and he defends his colorful two-storey designs primarily as a sound setting for a happy home.

IN AN analysis of his own work, he points out that modern houses are generally designed to suit an obsolete middle-class society, based on plentiful domestic service. Thus the kitchen in France is always far away from the dining and drawing rooms, so that when the wife is doing her cooking she is cut off from the rest of the family. In the Marseilles unit, the kitchen is part of the living room—separated only by a buffet. As Le Corbusier sees it, the daily meal is the "sacred family ritual" and should be an occasion for assembling instead of dispersing the family's members.

In fact, most of the collective services at the disposal of the Marseilles garden city are intended to shield the women from the "modern form of slavery" involved in running a house without servants: there are 26 separate services aimed at helping her in her housework and in looking after the children. One is the daily delivery of ice through private lifts to the ice-box: a refrigerating system found to be cheaper than modern electrical refrigerators.

Over and over again, critics have derided Le Corbusier's vast rectangular buildings, with their immense glass windows, as no better than enlarged bottle-racks. Le Corbusier takes up the challenge:

"A home needs to be considered as a thing in itself: it is a container, containing one family," he says. "A thing in itself, with its set size, its regular fixtures, its inevitable contiguities, its formal dimensions. It is a bottle. It may contain champagne, high-class vintages, or everyday wine; it will always contain a family."

■ How would you like to be in charge of 250 day nurseries? That's the new job that Elsie Stapleford has taken on as Director of Day Nurseries Division, newly separated from the Child Welfare Division of the Department of Health and Welfare.

■ At the recent special 75th anniversary convocation at the University of Manitoba, one woman received an honorary doctorate of law. She is Myrtle Conway, President of the Canadian Teachers' Federation and Principal of Clifton elementary school in Winnipeg.

■ Winner of the first scholarship presented by the Women's Advertising Club of Winnipeg is Rose Danylo, a fourth year student in Commerce, University of Manitoba.

■ Edmonton got its civic elections in early to most cities and came up with a new woman alderman, Mrs. Ethel Wilson. She follows Mrs. T. H. Fields who, last year, became the first woman to win an aldermanic seat in Edmonton in five years. Mrs. Fields did not run this year.

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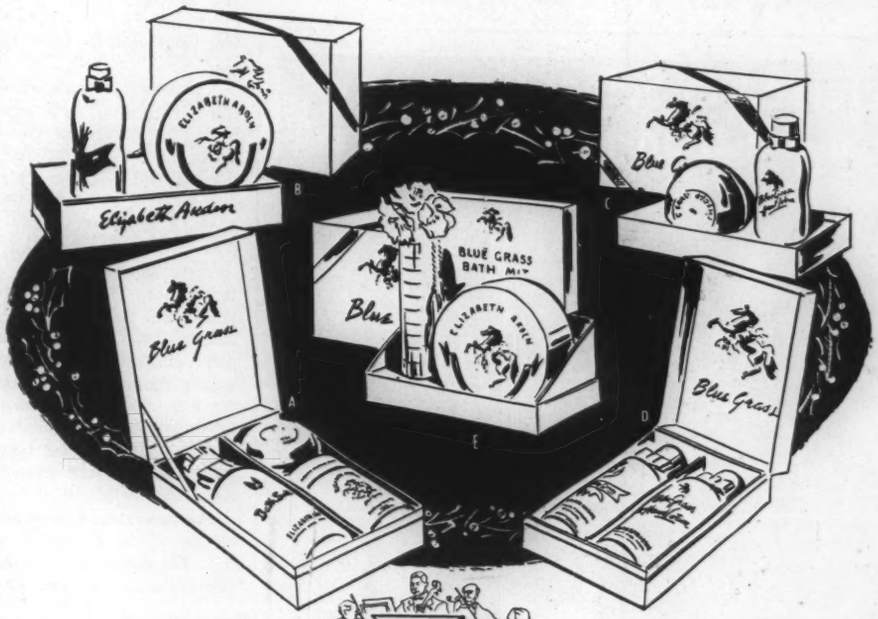

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DULSE

NB'S SEA DELICACY

by Vera L. Daye

YOU EITHER like it, or you don't. There are no halfway measures with dulse, New Brunswick's oddest delicacy.

Visitors who have never heard of it look at the reddish brown seaweed askance. "You mean you eat that stuff?" they protest.

"It's good," we New Brunswickers tell them. "Try some."

So the tourist gingerly pulls apart a layer of papery seaweed and just as cautiously samples it.

Usually he's sold on the first salty bite, but if he's not, well, you couldn't pay him to try it a second time.

Dulse is peculiarly a Maritime product. Best grades are found in the Bay of Fundy where tremendous tides that rise and fall from 12 to 60 feet every day, may be responsible for its prolific growth. Although it has a seasonal growing and picking period you can buy dulse all year around. Once properly dried and stored, it will keep until the next summer season.

Like other seafoods dulse is packed full of nutrition. It is especially rich in iodine, potassium and phosphatic salts, and is a natural for preventing thyroid and goitre trouble.

You eat it as a treat, like candy or peanuts, fresh or slightly toasted on the warm top of your kitchen range. A dulse sandwich makes a very different hors d'oeuvre, something the youngsters go for in a big way. No mayonnaise or other dressing, please, just a generous spreading of butter to soften the dulse to tenderness. Cut up fine, you can even use it as a relish with your food, as they do in parts of Scotland and Ireland, or put it in a stew as folk do in some Mediterranean countries.

Foam-washed Grand Manan is the centre of the Canadian dulse industry. Three-quarters of the healthful *Rhodymenia palmata* consumed by Canadian and American devotees comes from this precipitous island at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. The remaining supply is harvested along Fundy mainland shores. It is marketed all the way to the Pacific coast, but biggest consumption by far is right here in the Maritime Provinces.

At Grand Manan the red algae sprouts in great profusion for fifteen miles along its rocky western wall, just between the high and low tide line. Crops are harvested every two weeks during the five-month period from June to October. Majority of the pickers are fishermen who often take their entire families along for the outing. They work two tides a day, harvesting about 800 pounds of wet dulse. Wind and sun will convert this amount into 200 pounds of dry marketable dulse worth about 20 cents a pound to the picker.

TO REACH the dulse, pickers merely lean from their motorboats and tear the queer, edible seaweed from the exposed rocks to which it clings.

Workers who pick on the night tides wear little lamps on their hats, like miners.

The wet dulse is packed immediately into burlap bags. When the boats are full, the fishermen go ashore at Dark Harbor, only entrance on Grand Manan's western cliffs. Their harvest is spread over a mile long natural sea-wall to dry, and over the clean, granite pebbly beach.

Sunny, warm days are absolutely

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essential for this step. It takes about five hours to "cure" a batch, as the fishermen say, but the seaweed must be "flipped" with a certain knowing precision, so that the leaves will dry simultaneously on both sides. If, at the end of the curing time, one small portion remains damp, the whole lot on that particular rock will be spoiled. And it can't be taken indoors to be spread the following day. That too, will spoil and rot. Rain and fog will play havoc with curing.

This year, with its long spell of dry hot weather, has been ideal for the dulse harvest. First grade dulse has a glossy finish, "varnished", the fishermen say.

From now until next June you'll be buying this year's feather-light pack in small, sanitary transparent bags. Some of it goes direct in 25-pound cartons to drug manufacturers for medicinal purposes. But whichever way you get it, dulse will bring you a breath of the salty sea and its health-giving properties.

■ Winner of the third NS Drama League Playwriting Contest is Mrs. G. E. Edwards of Sable River. The $50 prize is donated by George Graham of Kentville. Mrs. Edwards is a unique playwriting winner. She has no theatre "past". But the NS contest has interested her and in the first contest she won an honorable mention. Actually she's English by family and birthplace but has lived in Canada for a good many years. Her writing has been in the article and short story field. And her ambition is to write "a movie with an eerie kink in it." She has the plot in mind but feels movie directors wouldn't look at amateur work. Previous winners in this Playwriting Contest were Molly Beresford of Truro and Donald Wetmore, Dramatics Adviser of the Department of Education.

■ New president of the National Federation of Liberal Women is Mrs. C. J. Embree of Halifax, who, during the war was cited by King George VI for her work with the St. John Ambulance. She has also been on the Halifax Boards of School Commissioners.

■ Recently appointed to the Voice Faculty of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto is Vienna-born Irene Jessner, a Metropolitan Opera soprano. With the Conservatory's growing interest in its Opera School, students should find Miss Jessner a great inspiration, for she has sung 20 major roles, including "Electra", "Tosca", "Der Rosenkavalier", "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser". She joined the Metropolitan in 1936 and made her debut there in "Hansel and Gretel".

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BRAIN-TEASER

START FIGURING

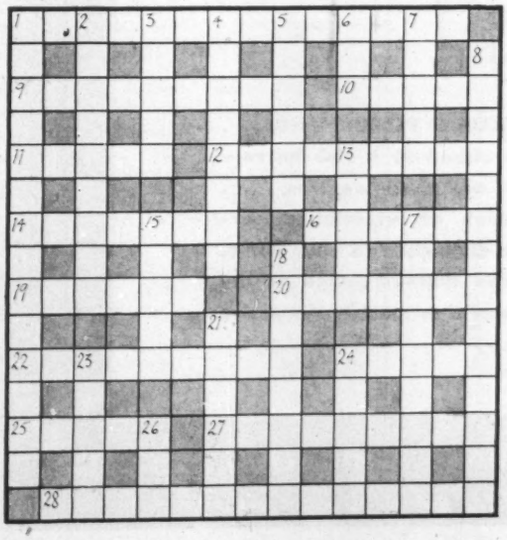
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Expecting an addition? Try these! Just the things for tots! (6,8)
9. Greek rabble. (3, 6)
10. The girl has nothing on her untanned hide perhaps. (5)
11. The cockney takes dogs. (5)
12. Silent gathering? Its members shuffle a good deal. (5, 4)
14. An eel with a bun might be a heavenly concoction. (7)
16. The unnatural growth of policemen? (6)
19. The cheerful gardener's doing it with a heigh and a ho, maybe. (6)
20. It's the devil on rough seas! (7)
22. Death mask? (4, 5)
24. Fibre case? (5)
25. Pat started these for his country's defenders, perhaps. (5)
27. I'm going to a "Prom" to put over this musical work. (9)
28. Apprehension of a trapeze artist? (6, 2, 3, 3)

DOWN

1. One's aim here is purely guess work, no doubt. (1, 4, 2, 3, 4)
2. 1 down is, if it's a night-cap. (9)
3. High times? (5)
4. Relieve the cow with a cigarette! (8)
5. It's little credit I get on tick, by the sound of it. (6)
6. That "Diamond" gal changes her name, but not for the better! (3)
7. A supporter of art? (5)
8. A cause of sour grapes, perhaps. (9, 5)
13. The ship makes port with nothing on board. (5)
15. Dec. 29, 1952 in France. (5)
17. Andromeda's mother, from the union of Othello's lieutenant and a wild ape. (9)
18. The absent-minded surgeon who left his patient thus, would leave himself, too. (4, 4)
21. Babe at the breast? (6)
23. A Roman nose certainly picks up the scent. (5)
24. Stand taken by the Salvation Army? (5)
26. An unfinished Galsworthy trilogy? (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Inside news
6 and 7. Stop the press
10. Freedom
11. Deaf ear
12. Caracal
13. Lateral
14. Rinse
15. Tousle
20. Repine
21. Sheet 25. See 19
27. Chinese 28. Marconi
29. Minaret 30. Name
31. Manchester

DOWN

1. Infect
2. Shears
3. Deduction
4. Nameless
5. Waddle
7. See 6
8. Parallel
9. Want
16. Obedience
17. Pressmen
18. Spectrum
19 and 25. The comic section
22. Angina
23. Hearst
24. Reuter
26. Iron

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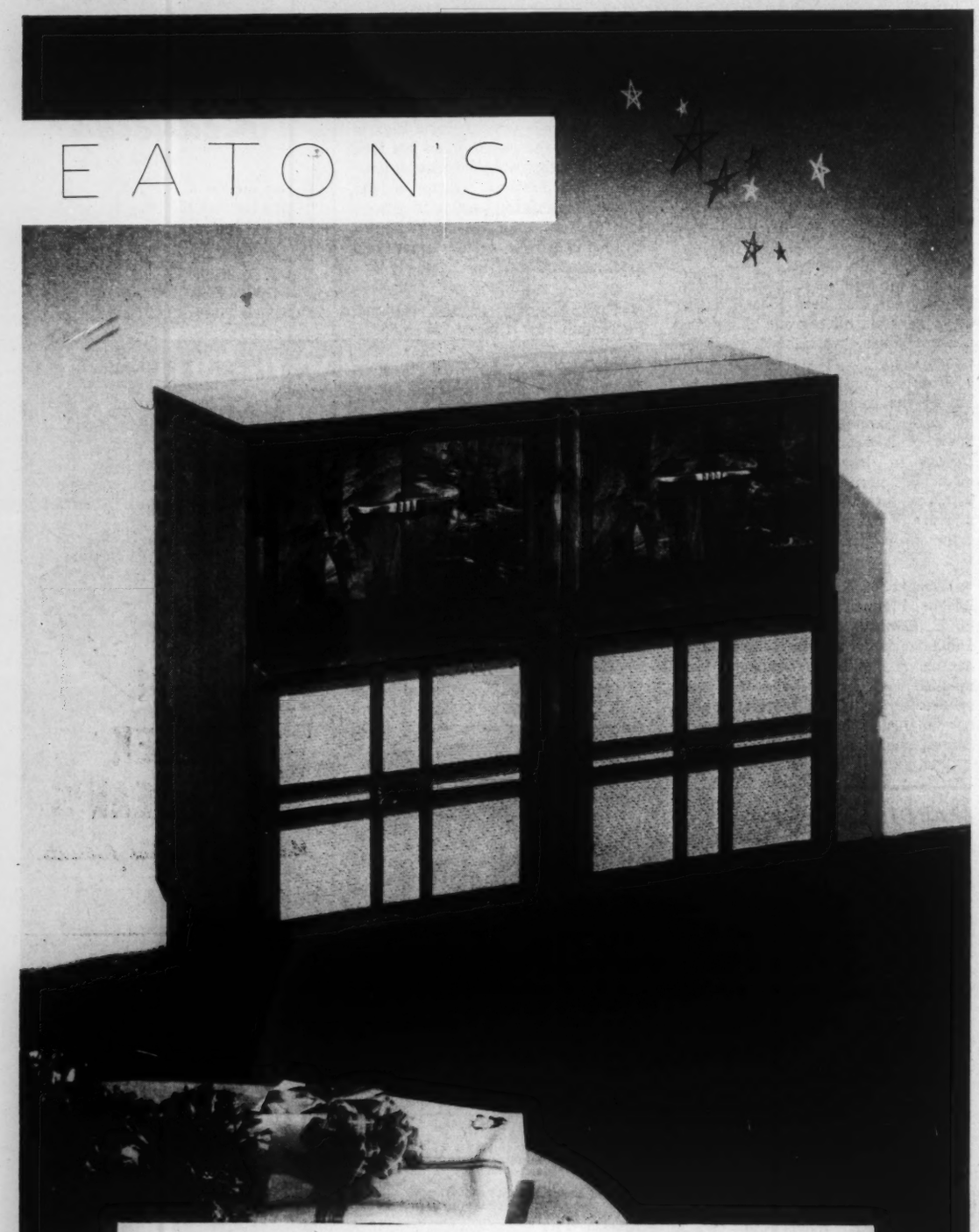

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BOOKS, HOSPITALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

"anyone can lose five pounds over a week-end if they don't cheat." There will be nothing stronger than fruit juices to drink, and curfew will be 10 o'clock. Tariff will be $75 for a week-end at the Spa.

MICE, the small scurrying rodents reputed to send women and elephants into hysterics, may be the means of unlocking the door to the mystery of cancer. When Dr. Clarence Cook Little, Director of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Maine, spoke before the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Cancer Society recently, he told his audience that more than 60 strains of mice have been developed for the study of cancer, and more than 350,000 of them are used annually for the purpose.

They are "standard" mice evolved from long inbreeding that makes them uniform. (The only humans as closely alike are twins.) Ninety-five per cent of one strain of females have cancer, while less than 10 per cent of the females of another strain of mice develop cancer. "Out of these mice will come much knowledge of cancer," said Dr. Little.

■ Jupiter Theatre, Toronto, has snaffled off Kate Reid for its feminine lead in its now-running "The Moneymakers". Kate has been making a name for herself on TV . . . and its October show was feminine studded. For one thing, "Anna Christie" is about a woman.

Do you remember the movie that was to bring a new fame to Greta Garbo and opened with a show-stealing sequence of Marie Dressler in a rocking chair? It was Marie's start on that fabulous five years of talkies. Jupiter Theatre persuaded Lorna McLean Sheard to play Marie's part. Lorna hasn't been on the stage for some few years; was one of the top actresses with the Montreal Repertory Theatre of Martha Allan's days and later with groups in Toronto. A newcomer to Toronto theatre circles won the "Anna" role—Deborah Cass from Brockville, Ont. She studied for three terms at the Goodman Theatre in Chicago and started off professionally with Kingston's International Players. Then Jupiter Theatre went international with its director and set designer but stayed on the feminine side of the ledger. Director was Roberta Beatty of Montreal via the U.S. (she directed Jupiter's "The Biggest Thief in Town" last year). Set designer was Penny Geldhart of Ottawa via England. Penny learned set designing by actual apprenticeship and a year with the Canadian Repertory Theatre in Ottawa.

■ Regina Little Theatre opened its season this month with "On Borrowed Time" and will follow it in January with "Goodbye My Fancy", evidently to be a popular choice for groups this year. The Brampton (Ont.) Players go a long way back for their choice, the famous old comedy, "The Bat".

LIGHTER SIDE

Hurrah for R. B. Bennett!

by Mary Lowrey Ross

MY FRIEND Miss A. telephoned me excitedly early in the afternoon. "Come on right over. I've got something to show you."

"I'm afraid I can't," I said. "I'm right in the middle of my piccallili."

"Then I'll come to your place," Miss A. said. Half an hour later she arrived, holding a large parcel. She carried it to the living room table where she unwrapped it, disclosing a bright green, fiery-crested parrot in a cage. "I want you to meet Reginald," she said. "Cousin Laura left him in my care when she went to Florida."

I stared at Reginald and Reginald stared back at me with a hard, bright, meaningless eye. Then he said "He-llo there," with startling cordiality.

"He's a wonderful companion," Miss A. said happily. "Here, I'll show you."

She took a large pilot biscuit from her bag. "Reginald want a cracker?" she asked winningly.

Reginald ducked his head under his wing and remained a moment in thought. Then he straightened up and said in a loud, clear voice, "Hurrah for R. B. Bennett."

"Isn't that wonderful?" Miss A. asked, rewarding him with a piece of biscuit.

I said it certainly was, and stared fascinated at the prophet. "Only he does seem a little behind in his political thinking," I added.

Miss A. said that unfortunately Cousin Laura was one of the old-line Canadian Conservatives. "However, I've been working on Reginald. Just watch."

She broke off another piece of biscuit. "Hurrah for Opposition Leader George Drew," she said, spacing her words carefully, like a teacher in a lip-reading class. "Come on Reginald."

REGINALD considered. "Hurrah—" he began, and stopped.

"Do try Reginald," Miss A. said. "Come on now, Hurrah for Opposition Leader George Drew."

"Hurrah for R. B. Bennett," Reginald said sulkily.

"There seems to be some sort of emotional block there," she said, rather worriedly. She returned the biscuit to the bag. "Finished your piccallili?" she asked.

"Almost," I said. "I doubled the peppercorn and it's much better."

"You never had it so good," Reginald said, and added sardonically, "Yah!"

I was a good deal startled. "You mean he's a Republican," I said.

"Absolutely," Miss A. said and handed me a piece of pilot biscuit. "Here, try him on 'I Like Ike'."

"I will not," I said, retreating. "I liked Adlai."

"Sucker," Reginald said.

There was a rather nervous silence. "How is he on National Health Service?" I asked.

"Hell of a note," Reginald said, and Miss A. turned pink.

"But surely your Cousin Laura doesn't use bad language!" I said.

Miss A. shook her head. "Really the things that bird lets out about Cousin Laura and Cousin Howard! Naturally I try to discourage him but he's really—sometimes I have to shut him in the broom closet."

Reginald danced excitedly up and down on his perch. "Skin 'em alive," he said, "skin the poor suckers alive."

"Cousin Howard," Miss A. explained, and added, "Reginald is referring to Mr. Abbott's surplus budget."

"You ought to put him in the next Federal election," I said, and Miss A. said proudly that he would win in a walk. "You'll have to admit," she added, "that he's a good deal more interesting as a pet than your cats."

SHE GLANCED at Lulu, who had just come in. But Lulu, her mind still dreamily on her kittens in the basement, paid no attention. Then she caught sight of Reginald and stiffened suddenly with the memory of old, half-forgotten delights. She laid her stomach along the rug and began to creep towards the table.

"Lulu!" I cried.

"Don't worry," Miss A. said. "Reginald can take care of her."

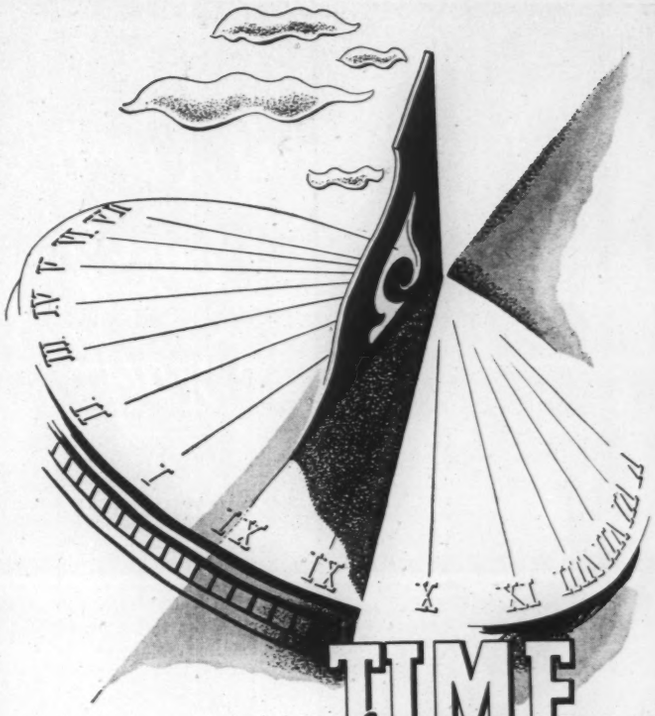
Lulu has one pale yellow eye and one bright blue one, and this gives her an alarming look when she is staring at something she intends to eat. She stared at Reginald now, and Reginald stared back with a look of beady malevolence. Then when she was within two feet of the table he said meltingly, "Well! He-*llo* there."

I have seen many startled cats but I had never before seen one fixed in a state of pure astonishment. Lulu remained fixed for several seconds. Then she wheeled and leapt for the basement door. Miss A. got up and began wrapping up the cage. "Do you have to go?" I said. "I wanted to ask him about the maple trees on University Avenue."

"Hell of a mess," Reginald said, his croak slightly muffled under brown wrapping paper.

"Reginald!" Miss A. said sharply, and tied him up firmly. "I have to walk," she explained, "because people in the street-car might wonder what I have here."

I let her out, feeling rather shaken. "I wonder what you've got there myself," I said.



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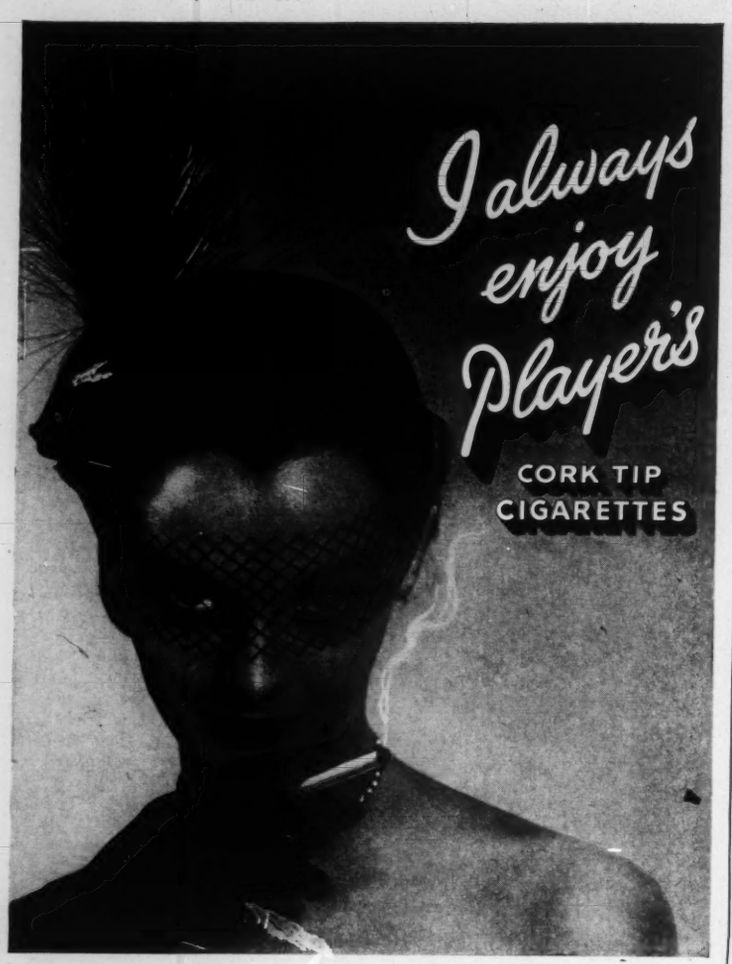
NEXT WEEK

Canadian Writing: '52

by B. K. SANDWELL

A Review of the Year's Output in Canadian Letters



BEAUTY

RAINBOW IN HAIR

by Isabel Morgan

DASHING REDHEADS, spectacular blondes and ebon-haired beauties can afford to be complacent about the hair color with which a fortuitous combination of genes endowed them. But there's no need to cry for the rest of us, that vast majority of women with hair that ranges from serviceable but unremarkable shades of brown through to drab blond or indeterminate gray.

Only recently have hair colorings begun to be accepted as cosmetics—like the lipstick, powder and so on that are part of the modern woman's equipment. And, thanks to the many scientific advances in the field "dyeing" or to put it euphemistically, "coloring" the hair no longer is fraught with the alarms and uncertainties that the operation used to hold for those who attempted it.

Cecile Vigioia, Roux expert, is our authority for the statement that today many women change their hair color as casually as they change their make-up.

How to choose the most becoming color?

Consider complexion, age and eye color. If silver has crept into your hair a slightly lighter shade than the natural one is better than a dark shade because pigmentation in the skin lightens along with that in the hair. Choose a light shade and avoid the harsh appearance of too dark hair that seems to emphasize lines in face and give the skin an unnatural pallor.

Miss Vigioia described a new group of six pastel hair colors. These are not available for home use. The range of colors includes such descriptive names as Pastel Pearl, "very pale ash blond," through to Pastel Red "color of the morning sun shot with red". The pastels are for use only on bleached hair because the process must start with a very light shade.

Brunettes who yearn to become silver blond should be warned that the transformation is apt to cost time and money. Dark pigment in the hair must first be completely bleached out before the silvery coloring is added; which means that a fast trip back to the hairdresser is indicated as soon as the natural hair begins to grow out.

Five points emphasized by Miss Vigioia for the benefit of those about to change color: Hair color should be renewed at least once a month (the period may be stretched to five weeks if the hair is styled without a part). Shampoo the hair once a week. Do use a cream shampoo and cream rinse that is specially designed for hair that has been colored. Do not use any hair coloring without first making a "patch" test. Do read the directions.

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